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WITH SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE.
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. } By Post, 6½d.



LORD ROSEBERY'S FIRST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS PRIME MINISTER, MARCH 12.

"He [Mr. Gladstone] heard the guns saluting the battle of Waterloo, he heard some of Mr. Canning's greatest speeches, he heard the Reform debate in 1831 in this House and Lord Brougham's memorable speech. He was, over half a century ago, the right-hand man of Sir Robert Peel's famous Government; and when to this coating of history which he acquired so long ago is added his own transcendent personality, one cannot, it seems to me, help being reminded of some noble river that has gathered its colours from the various soils through which it has passed, but has preserved its identity unimpaired and gathered itself in one splendid volume before it breasts the eternal sea."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Although copyright with the United States has so long been established, there are many things that still render it incomplete. The agents of the American publishing houses are not given a free hand, but have always to communicate with their principals upon literary business, which causes great loss of time. A young—and, let us hope, rising—author complains not only of this but that much discourtesy is shown in the delay of replies—beyond even what is necessary—to offers from this country. "Though they may not want my book," he pathetically remarks, "they need not keep me on tenterhooks when all that it would cost them to relieve my mind is twopence-halfpenny (exactly)." Such conduct is, of course, very rude, but, it seems, is not without reason, for he adds: "I am afraid this silence is sometimes designed, as more than once when I have failed in getting an American publisher, the very house that has turned a deaf ear to my offer has afterwards brought out my book without paying for it." This is a sad story, but I venture to think my correspondent has not been dealing with first-class houses.

Among the delightful details respecting the habits of eminent personages so lavishly supplied by the Press, we have now their "characteristic gestures" when engaged in conversation. I have seen eminent persons with some much more funny ones, but unfortunately these have not been recorded; the reporters have not had my luck, or are too respectful to mention them. However, let us be thankful for what we get. The Heir-Apparent of these isles, we are told, "if annoyed, winks his left eye rapidly." This is surely a proof of great mildness of disposition. Common people express their annoyance much more unpleasantly—use "swear words," or, if females, "go upstairs saying things." When men wink they are generally not annoyed—far otherwise—though the objects of that "affection of the eye" may be so. The Emperor of Germany "tugs furiously at his moustache." This is also to his credit: one is rather surprised, from what we hear of his autocratic and arbitrary character, that he doesn't tug at somebody else's. The Emperor of Austria "puffs out his cheeks." This is, at least, harmless—a sort of non-infectious mumps—but one cannot think it can be pretty; a number of Austrian Emperors, all annoyed, would resemble a German band in action, but noiseless. The Czar "lays his hand flat on the top of his head." This is an unusual "gesture" in ordinary society, but is probably found useful as a "storm signal." The King of Italy's gesture when annoyed is much more dangerous, because it arouses no suspicion: he "caresses his moustache affectionately." Fancy that! When he may be at the outbreak of a tornado! The Khedive of Egypt "taps impatiently with his foot," that foot which he is always putting into something or other. As to eminent personages of the female gender, they never, of course, exhibit any annoyance at anything; their manners, like those of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, have a majestic repose. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that when a certain archduchess is "interested in what she is saying," she always pulls at a lock of her hair on her right temple. If she showed her interest in what other people were saying, it would be more courteous, but the gesture proves, at all events, that her hair is her own.

It is almost impossible to please everybody; indeed, it has been found so difficult that some (in the beginning) doubtless well-meaning persons have given it as a reason for only pleasing themselves. One man's meat, if it is not another man's poison, is, at all events, distasteful to him. Some time ago there was a great outcry against uncut newspapers; railway passengers complained that their unwieldy sheets were as hard to manage as an eagle's wing, and almost as unreadable. The more impatient ones, who had no paper-cutter, had to use their fingers or even their umbrellas before they could find their news. At last, in answer to the almost universal demand, machines were invented to supply our newspapers (or some of them) ready cut. And now some people want the old system. I am not sure that their objections will be gratefully acknowledged by journalists; they remind me a little of the doubtful compliment I once heard a lady pay an editor with whose profession she was unacquainted, that there was "nothing like his paper—for the fires." What one plaintive correspondent says is that newspapers are no longer useful "as a protection to the windows" when we are out of town; they cannot keep the dust away from the shutters, often very delicately coloured, "since the cut leaves cannot be kept in place and are constantly slipping apart." Moreover, "how useful they used to be in covering up bed furniture in rooms not in use!" I mention these objections as in duty bound, and members of the Fourth Estate will doubtless give their attention to them; they add a new form of praise to a (literally) widespread Press which will doubtless be appreciated by its conductors.

A man of letters has recently been giving us a lecture on luxury—a matter of great congratulation, not only because it was admirable in itself, but because it proves that we are in an age when men of letters know what

luxury is. As a matter of fact, however, strange as it may appear, there are probably more people acquainted with luxury than comfort; more people, that is, who have the means of enjoying themselves than who know how to do it. In the United States, I am told (for I have never been there) luxury is to be found in perfection, and comfort is almost non-existent. Splendid dinners for the millionaire, but for the million not even a cook. The absence of good servants necessitates an hotel life, which, however luxurious, can seldom, even here, be called comfortable; and what must it be without a private sitting-room, which, unless you are very rich indeed, is unattainable! Of course, we do not believe everything the millionaires tell us of the miseries of being a millionaire, because there is an obvious method open to them for escaping from their undesirable position of which none of them has been yet known to take advantage; but the statement that "property has its duties as well as its rights" is true in quite another sense than the moral one. Most men of high position are victims to conventionality. Only a few of them drink heavily, but they all have to dine heavily, and after dinner to be taken to routs and receptions which they would probably give many pounds a night to avoid. They may feel ill and old, but they have to go on the social treadmill as though they were young and able-bodied. They have wines of the best vintage and cigars of the best brands, but they cannot put their feet on a chair and smoke their pipe in the evening. When nature demands repose they must be up and doing, and the pushing one's way up crowded staircases and being welcomed by the tips of fashionable fingers must be very distasteful work. That people are found to envy them these violent delights is nothing to the purpose; it is simply that such persons confuse luxury with comfort. If they are set down to a dinner of ten courses, and are assured that it costs two guineas a head, they are convinced it must be a good dinner. Of its intrinsic merit they know nothing. There is a similar note to be detected in the chorus of "The Revolt of the Daughters." They pine after the luxury of the latch-key, with its dangerous and forbidden pleasures. A life passed in a whirl of society, without end or aim beyond being amused—one in which they are to be denied nothing that money can buy—seems to be the only one worth living, while they are utterly ignorant of the comforts of home.

It is ludicrous, of course, to say that a sufficiency of meat, drink, and clothing is all that we want, or even all that gives us pleasure, but a superfluity of them is of no advantage; and, what is very curious, if we have "an independence of our own" (which is necessary for comfort) the larger it is the less independent we become, on account of what Society expects from us. With a thousand a year a man can do as he likes, but not if he has ten thousand. There are only a few cases, a very few, where on the substratum of comfort men have the good sense to build their luxuries. There is a story of a retired lieutenant in the Navy whose greatest joy was to sleep on during those hours which on board ship had been passed on duty; but he capped this comfort by an invention of his own. He ordered his man to call him at "eight bells," that he might use bad language and throw his boots at his head instead of getting up. This was real enjoyment, but very rare.

There is one luxury within the power of rich men which is also said to be a great comfort to those who indulge in it (especially at the fall of the curtain on the drama of life)—namely, the luxury of doing good; yet it is quite amazing what self-denial they exercise in it and what a want of the sense of proportion they exhibit in so doing; for though to give would cost them nothing—that is to say, would not deprive them of the least source of pleasure—they often prefer to lose their reputations than to diminish by the smallest figure a balance at their banker's that extends to four. A, a good fellow but with a bitter tongue, was speaking to B, a millionaire, at the club the other day of a friend C, whom he had lately lost. "Dead is he?" said B; "I was at college with him, and have known him off and on for years." "Then you will be sorry," said A, "that he has died very poor, and we are getting up a little subscription for his widow." "Oh, indeed," said B, and turned upon his heel. Now, B knew very well, however he may have excused himself for his baseness, that A would go about (which, indeed, he did) denouncing him as a mean hound all over the club, and yet he could not bring himself to put his hand in his pocket to prevent it, though the expenditure of a ten-pound note would have been about equivalent to my giving a penny (which, if A had asked me for a contribution, I would have cheerfully done).

All superfluity of means may be considered, as regards purchasing power, luxury; whereas people's notions of comfort differ exceedingly. Many persons—who are, nevertheless, no philosophers—do not suffer (to speak of) from inconveniences, and put up with very disagreeable things without a murmur, not from resignation, but because they really don't feel them. Nothing proves this more conclusively than the fact that persons who have money to spare will take long voyages for pleasure without securing a cabin to themselves. They are content to share

an apartment of the size of a cupboard for ten days with a stranger who may be sea-sick. To a person who has any regard for comfort, this seems nothing less than an act of madness, yet it happens every day.

In the current number of the *National Review* there is an interesting paper upon family expenditure, which deals with incomes of moderate size. Usually we have the details of how ten thousand a year is spent, or, on the other hand, how thirty shillings a week is eked out, so that the present contribution is acceptable. What strikes one, however, in reading it is the very small margin given for incidental expenses. From the point of view of comfort, one cannot but think it would have been better to take a cheaper house and have had a little more spare cash. With a small income a strict economy in domestic matters is absolutely necessary; but as regards personal expenditure there is nothing more annoying than to have "to look at every shilling before you spend it." This is especially the case upon a holiday, which should never be interfered with by sordid cares. As a well-known social philosopher was wont to observe, "Riches I do not covet, but I must have plenty of ready money."

The first volume of a new edition of Chaucer's works has, I see, been published. It is edited by Professor Skeat, and is, therefore, sure to be a good one. But I fear that from such a source, and especially since it is called "a critical edition," it will not take into account those who cannot read old English. I have not yet seen it, but it is unlikely that it will have a companion page written in the vulgar tongue. Without this I confess that Chaucer is not to me an attractive poet. It is like reading something in a foreign language with which one is imperfectly acquainted. References to explanatory notes are almost as fatal to consecutive interest as the consultation of a dictionary. Of course, every schoolboy ought to be able to read Chaucer in the original; but schoolboys are not so clever as they were in Macaulay's time. I know otherwise intelligent individuals who cannot even read the "Faery Queene" with enjoyment, and Spenser is to Chaucer as the "A B C" is to "Bradshaw." There are older English poets than these, but they might be Chaldean poets for all that ordinary readers can make of them. It is dreadful to be ignorant, but it is worse to be hypocritical, and in literature there are as many hypocrites, in the matter of pretence of admiration, as ignoramuses.

There is nothing in our new advertisement system that is so remarkable as the "In Memoriam" notices at the bottom of the *Times'* obituaries. How is it that people did not use this method of keeping green the memory of their friends in former times? Was it Tennyson's poem that put the idea into their heads, and if so, why was it so long before it was acted upon? Above all, why is it done by fits and starts. Sometimes the date of the departure of the beloved object seems to be forgotten for a year or two. The notice is omitted and then renewed. Perhaps the advertiser's money doesn't "run to it" in hard times. Though now and then these notices go quite a great way back—there was one for 1874 the other day—they are never continuous; the result, one cannot but fear, of change of feeling. That this sort of fidelity is sometimes a little shortlived was proved, indeed, quite recently in a case of breach of promise of marriage. The lady, a widow, only six months before the breach was shown to have published this "In Memoriam" of her late consort in the local newspapers: "Thou art not forgotten, dear husband. As long as life and memory last I will remember thee." However, the jury, who had, perhaps, inserted similar notices themselves in their time, did not consider this any reason why the lady should not have transferred her affections elsewhere, and awarded her substantial damages.

In an autobiography one can usually read between the lines that the writer thinks himself a more virtuous person than he has ventured to describe. He loads his grandfather and (especially) his grandmother with praise, and delicately hints that there is a good deal in the theory of heredity. One cannot but feel that he is considerably handicapped by writing in the first person, and that though he may know more of his weaknesses than other people, he prefers to leave others to find them out. In the story of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," however, there is none of this reticence: he is as plain-spoken about himself as Barry Lyndon; and if not so audacious a scoundrel, he is every bit as unprincipled. Like that infamous hero, he has a great gift of humour, though not so grim and of a less mischievous kind. As a picture of suburban life the book is, so far as I know, without a rival; its snobbism reminds one of Thackeray's own asides when writing on that subject; for Mr. Bailey-Martin is himself a snob of the first water, and glories in his shame. It is seldom that a book with a hero of this kind succeeds in being interesting, but it is so in this case. The autobiographer is a sneak, and yet we have a sneaking liking for him. Moreover, though he dominates the story throughout, the other characters are graphically drawn, especially that of Mr. Bailey-Martin's sister, whose view of her brother's character is most masterly and humorous. It is a novel that will be enjoyed by all persons of intelligence, even though they live in the suburbs.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Rosebery's debut as Prime Minister in the House of Lords was witnessed by a brilliant throng. Never have the galleries in the gilded chamber been more densely packed. It must have struck the assembled peers that Lord Rosebery looked very young in spite of his forty-seven years. One could almost hear the sigh, "And a widower too!" as this almost juvenile nobleman stood at the table and proceeded with easy grace to answer his formidable adversary opposite. Unquestionably, Lord Rosebery's new position greatly enhances the interest of the House of Lords as a debating assembly. Hitherto Lord Salisbury has had no foeman worthy of his steel. Himself a consummate debater, he has fallen into the habit of throwing down gauntlets which nobody on the Liberal side has ventured to take up. Now this is changed. Lord Rosebery is quite as dexterous as his antagonist, has equal humour and facility, and a special command of that delicate repartee which is bred in an aristocratic air, and is so different from the somewhat boisterous badinage of a democratic assembly. In his first official speech Lord Rosebery repeatedly extorted the approving laughter of the Opposition, and Lord Salisbury sat wreathed with genial smiles. The House was particularly amused when the Premier with mock sorrow turned to the scantily occupied benches behind him and said: "We are a wretched remnant!" Lord Salisbury's tribute to Mr. Gladstone was very generous. It was delivered with great feeling and in that deep note which is so effective when the Conservative chief passes from raillery and sarcasm to a serious mood. "The most brilliant intellect which has been devoted to the service of the State since Parliamentary institutions began" was the most striking passage of Lord Salisbury's eulogy of the illustrious man who has withdrawn from the toils of public life.

As for the political interest of the debate in the Upper House, it turned mainly on Ireland. Lord Salisbury paid some ironical compliments to Lord Swansea, who, in the splendour of a deputy lieutenant's uniform, moved the Address, which was seconded by Lord Hawkesbury, in the disguise of a naval lieutenant. But the Leader of the Opposition was in his most serious vein when he urged the Government to abandon the fruitless quest for Home Rule and give the Irish peasantry an opportunity of applying themselves to the real interests of their country. To this Lord Rosebery replied that Home Rule was essential to our imperial welfare, and that a system of decentralisation, applied not only to Ireland, but also to Scotland and Wales, was indispensable to the proper working of the constitutional machine. To Ireland the Premier counselled patience and well-doing, on the ground that only by self-control could the Irish people persuade England, the "predominant partner" in the United Kingdom, to grant their wishes. This passage, which excited no remark in the Lords, was subsequently the subject of lively debate in the other Chamber.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The ceremony of moving and seconding the Address was performed by Mr. Courtenay Warner and Mr. Fenwick. Mr. Warner shone upon the House in the garb of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry; but Mr. Fenwick was guilty of a revolutionary innovation, for he declined to don the suits and trappings of the occasion, and scandalised the devotees of precedent by appearing in a frock-coat. Mr. Warner was almost frightened to death by stern cries of "Order!" when he mentioned Mr. Gladstone by name, though Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain afterwards committed the same breach of Parliamentary decorum. Mr. Balfour made a graceful allusion to the late Prime Minister, and Sir William Harcourt's eulogy of his old chief was delivered with really impressive emotion. The Opposition cut and the Ministerial party were somewhat formal, but the first suggestion of serious conflict came from the Irish benches. As Sir William was blandly discoursing on the Home Rule which must come some day, Mr. John Redmond interjected "When?" This was the preliminary of an episode which made the second day's discussion of the Address anything but formal. Mr. John Redmond vigorously attacked Lord Rosebery's speech of the previous evening and especially the momentous hint at the predominance of England. Before this Mr. Morley had offered an explanation of Lord Rosebery's words. They meant, said the Chief Secretary, no more than the obvious truth that, in order to carry Home Rule, the Liberal party must make a good deal more progress with English opinion. But Mr. Redmond insisted that Lord Rosebery had made the existence of a clear Home Rule majority in England alone the *sine qua non* of success. Amid rousing cheers from the Opposition the Parnellite leader argued that the Premier had practically justified the Lords in the rejection of the Home Rule Bill last year. Mr. Redmond was followed by Mr. Chamberlain, who contented himself chiefly with some jests at the expense of Mr. Labouchere. But a wholly unforeseen triumph was in store for the member

for Northampton. He moved an amendment to the Address, praying the Queen to put an end to the legislative authority of the House of Lords. Sir William Harcourt said that although the Government sympathised with Mr. Labouchere's object they could not pursue it in this fashion; and then, to the amazement of the whole assembly, the amendment was carried against the Government by a majority of two. So unexpected was this that the chief Ministerial Whip, Mr. Thomas Ellis, put out his hand to take the paper which contained the numbers from the clerk at the table, and was aghast when this document was triumphantly claimed by Mr. Labouchere. A wild burst of hilarious cheering greeted this incident. It was a victory for the Radicals and the Irish members, but how it came about nobody seemed to understand. The Opposition had not thought fit to muster their legions in support of the Lords, and the genuinely thunderstruck air of Mr. Ellis showed that he had not laid any plot. Later in the evening Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Asquith were engaged in a sprightly conversation on the Treasury bench. Perhaps they were discussing the diverting novelty of sending the Queen an Address which begged her to end the House of Lords without further ado.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

The British settlements on the west coast of Africa are those of Sierra Leone, with Sherbro; the Gambia; the Gold Coast, of which Cape Coast Castle is the capital;



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.
LORD SWANSEA.



Photo by Barrand, Oxford Street.
LORD HAWKESBURY.



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street.
MR. T. C. T. WARNER, M.P.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.
MR. C. FENWICK, M.P.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT.

Lagos, on the Bight of Benin; and the Niger Protectorate. Sierra Leone is the seat of the chief Government, and has a population of 60,000, of whom the resident Europeans are less than 200; half the people are descendants of liberated negro slaves. Freetown is a beautifully picturesque scene, with groves of bananas and luxuriant tropical foliage among the red and white houses and up the steep sides of the hills, but is notoriously an unhealthy place to live in. Bathurst, on St. Mary's Isle in the Gambia, is much worse; the population here under British rule does not exceed fifteen thousand, and there are perhaps sixty English residents. Goree, on the sea-coast, has been ceded to the French. These old settlements are far less valuable than Lagos and the mouths of the Niger to British commerce. The revenue of the Gambia is from £25,000 to £30,000 a year.

THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI.

The mansion on the Collina Montughi, overlooking the fair city of Florence, where her Majesty our Queen, with Princess Beatrice, has taken up her abode for several weeks, was built by Count Fabbriotti, the purchaser in 1864 of the old villa on that site, then belonging to the heirs of the Marquis Zambecari, but for three centuries the property of the Strozzi family. The architect, Signor Micheli, in place of the former moderate-sized rural dwelling, erected a sumptuous, ornate, and rather imposing edifice, surrounded by a spacious terrace. The east and west wings of the building are connected by an entrance court roofed with glass and adorned with fresco-paintings on the walls; balconies on the first floor, adjoining the Queen's private apartments, command a delightful view. The gardens, though on a steep ascent, are laid out with convenient walks.

LORD ROSEBERY AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

The meeting of the Liberal party at the Foreign Office was noteworthy as the occasion on which the Prime Minister made his first bow, so to speak, to his democratic followers. It was as if a distinguished but somewhat distant kinsman had dropped in at a domestic gathering and said, "How are you? I'm the head of the family, I hope you don't mind!" Lord Rosebery showed his consciousness of the situation by a humorous assertion of his personal dignity. He had Mr. Labouchere in front of him, and he suggested to that malcontent that there was no special reason why peers should be treated as pariahs, or why the door in Downing Street should bear the legend, "No peer need here apply." For the rest Lord Rosebery sketched the position of the Liberal party with a vigorous hand, declared himself bound to Home Rule by every tie of honour and policy, and indulged in some very outspoken criticism of the House of Lords. That the will of the representatives of the people should be overruled by an hereditary assembly which was virtually "a Tory organisation at the beck and call of a single individual," had become "an anomaly and a danger." This declaration was emphasised by Sir William Harcourt, who had an enthusiastic greeting, and to whom Lord Rosebery paid the significant compliment on the "rare and magnanimous part" which he had played in the reconstruction of the Ministry. The Chancellor of the Exchequer repeated Mr. Gladstone's famous challenge to the Lords, and maintained that this was the greatest issue before the country. Very touching were the allusions to the illustrious chief whom the Liberals had lost. Sir William Harcourt, who is not an emotional man as a rule, was moved to tears, and Lord Rosebery's description of the "sublime and pathetic presence" which had ennobled the House of Commons struck the deepest chord in the whole gathering.

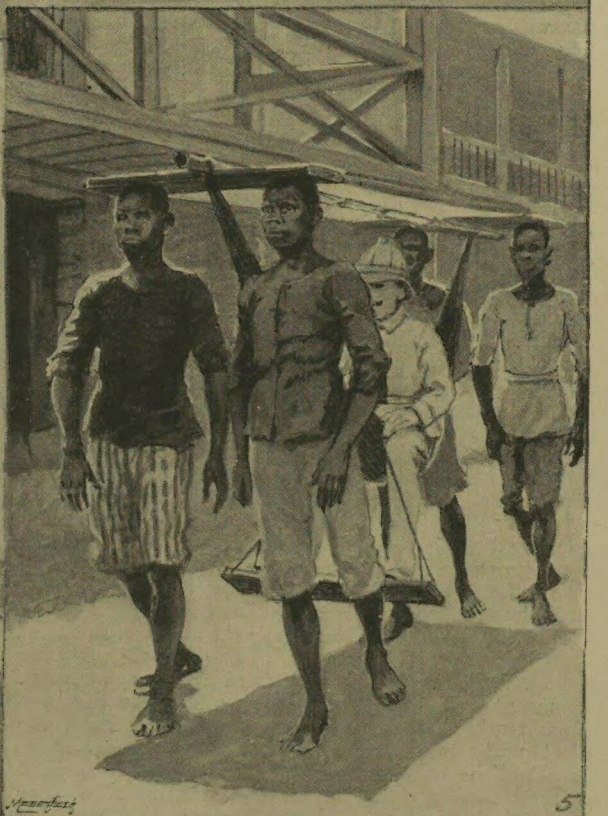
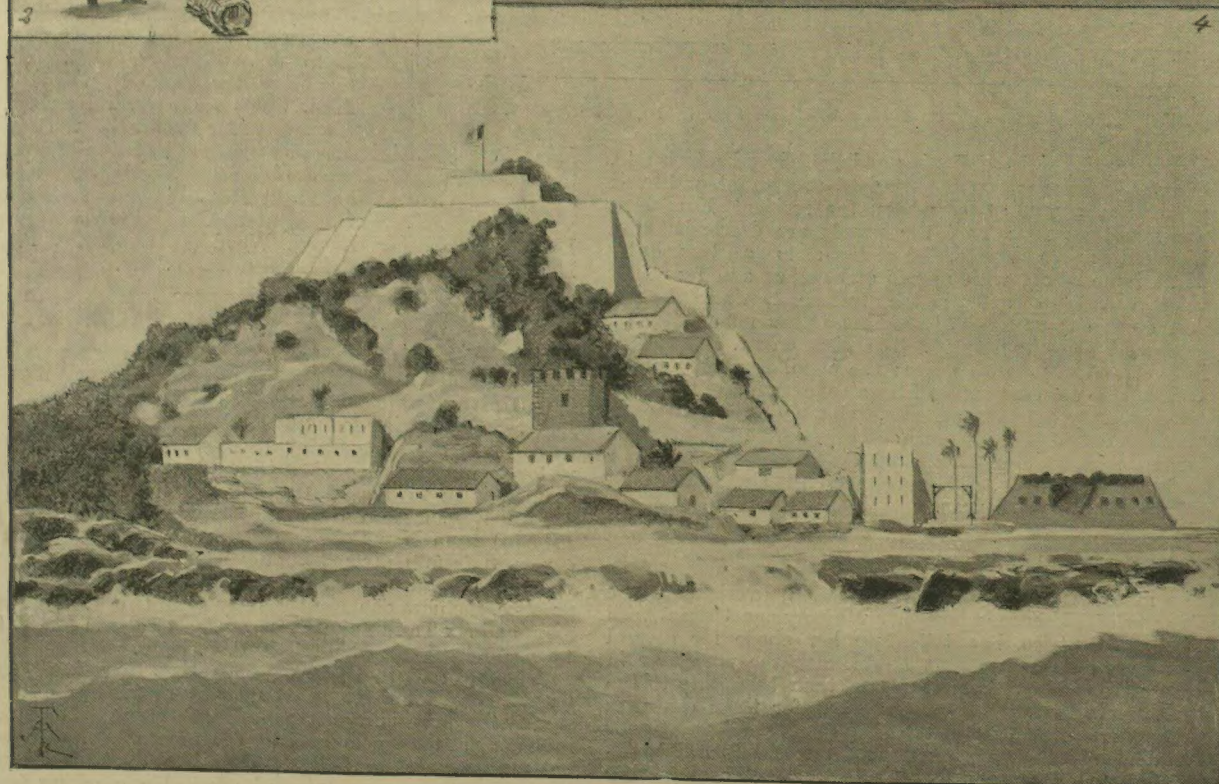
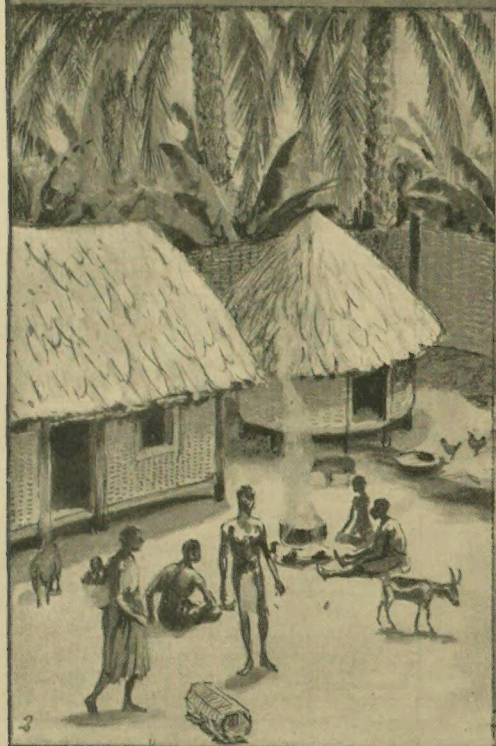
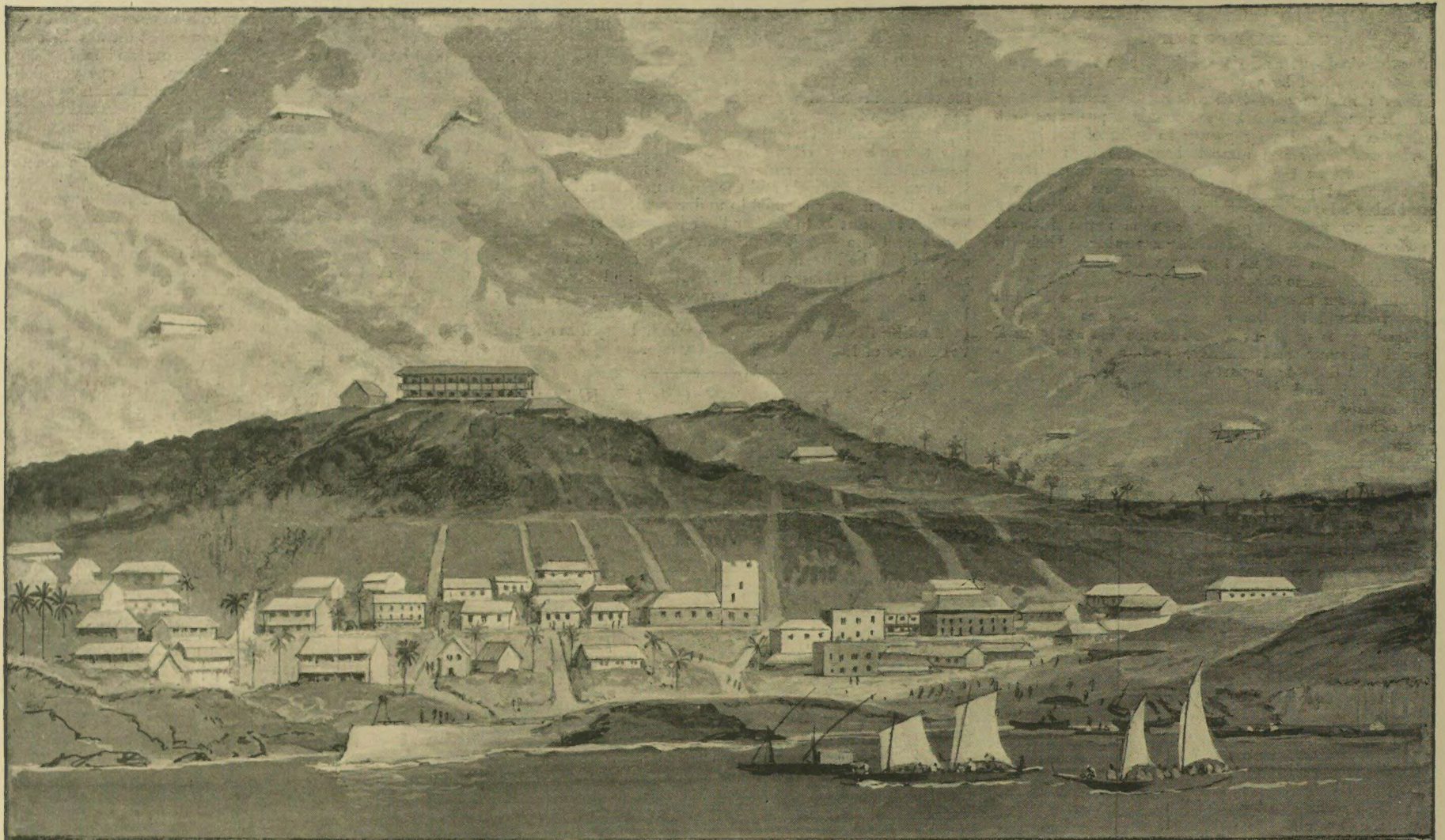
THE DUKE OF YORK'S LEVÉE.

On behalf of her Majesty the Queen, on Tuesday, March 13, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, K.G., for the first time, held a Levée at St. James's Palace, accompanied by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Teck and Prince Francis of Teck. The Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard were in attendance. His Royal Highness was personally attended by the Marquis of Breadalbane, K.G. (Lord Steward), Lord Carrington (the Lord Chamberlain), the Earl of Chesterfield, the Treasurer and Comptroller of the Royal Household, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Lords and Grooms-in-Waiting, and the Equerries-in-Waiting. A number of gentlemen were presented to his Royal Highness. In the diplomatic circle the German Ambassador was absent. In the general circle were present Lord Herschell (the Lord Chancellor), Earl of Rosebery, K.G. (First Lord of the Treasury), Earl Spencer (First Lord of the Admiralty), the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith M.P. (Secretary of State for Home Affairs), the Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P. (Secretary of State for War), the Marquis of Ripon (Secretary of State for the Colonies), the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P. (Chief Secretary for Ireland), the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, M.P. (Secretary for Scotland), the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland (Vice-President of the Council), the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, (First Commissioner of Works), General the Right Hon. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (Adjutant-General to the Forces), Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Wood (Q.M.G.), the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, and others.

THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE.

The annual classic struggle on the Thames between Oxford and Cambridge has attracted the usual amount of attention from University men and from the public, who have eagerly followed the varying fortunes of the crews. Our Supplement gives the portraits of those who strive to-day for victory. At the time of writing the weight of popular opinion is in favour of Oxford; in the boat are three Magdalen men, four (including the stroke, Mr. C. M. Pitman) from New College, one from Brasenose, and the coxswain from University College. The Cambridge crew, which has greatly improved in style during the period of practice, includes one First Trinity man, two Trinity Hall men, and six Third Trinity men. The stroke is Mr. T. G. Lewis, and the coxswain is Mr. F. C. Begg.

The fact that in the Cambridge boat there is a large proportion of Etonians has been held by the prophets to signify the probability of a surprise, as slackness in training is one of the tenets held at the great school, and does not always point to defeat. They have had the advantage, like their opponents, of admirable coaching from those who in previous years have proudly worn "the colours." On March 17, at all events, politics will fail to form the staple of conversation and interest, and old rowing men in episcopal palaces, in the Law Courts, and in many centres of serious life, will on that day revive the memories of boat-races of the past.



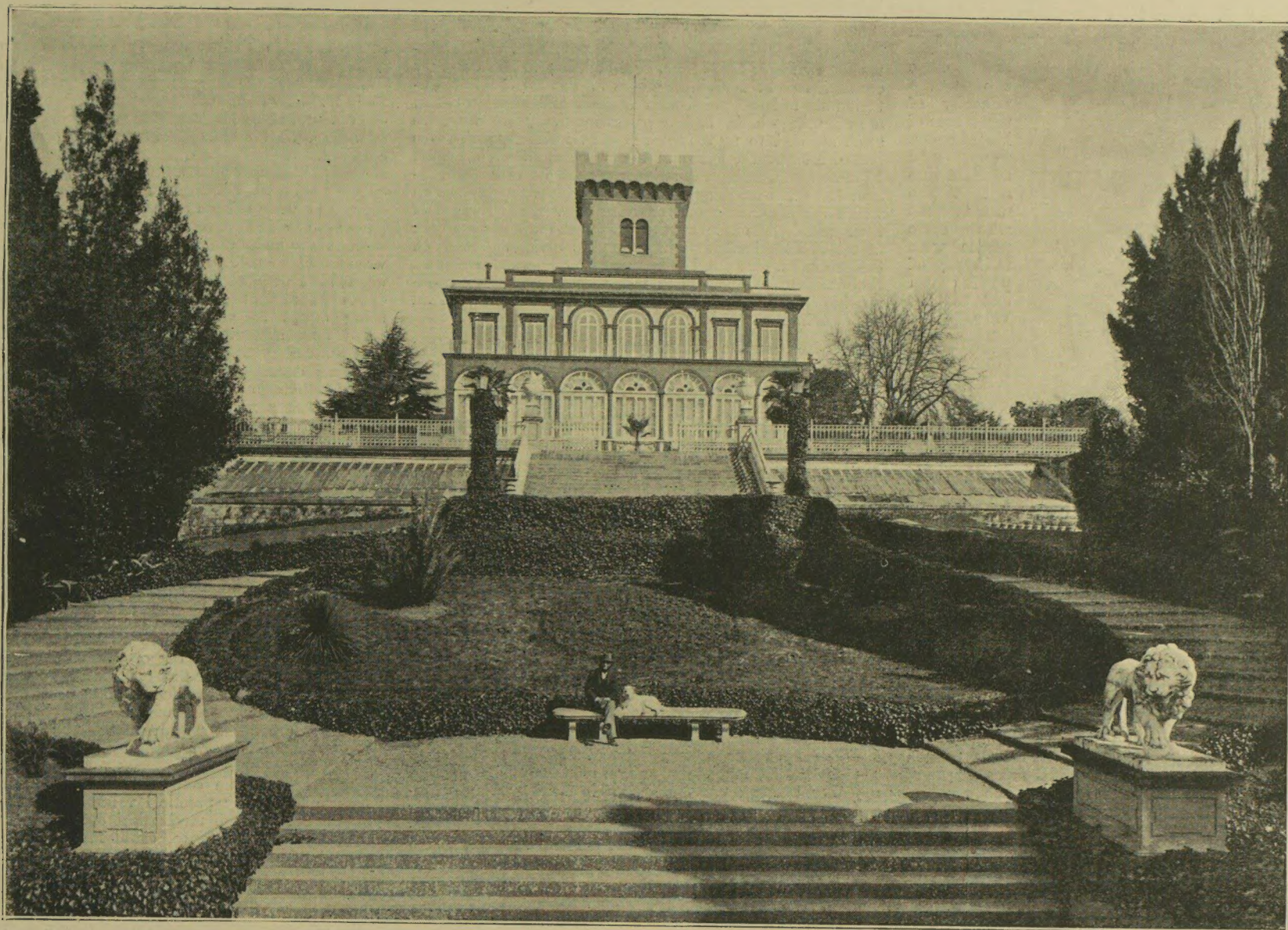
1. Freetown, Sierra Leone.

2. Native Huts, Eathurst.

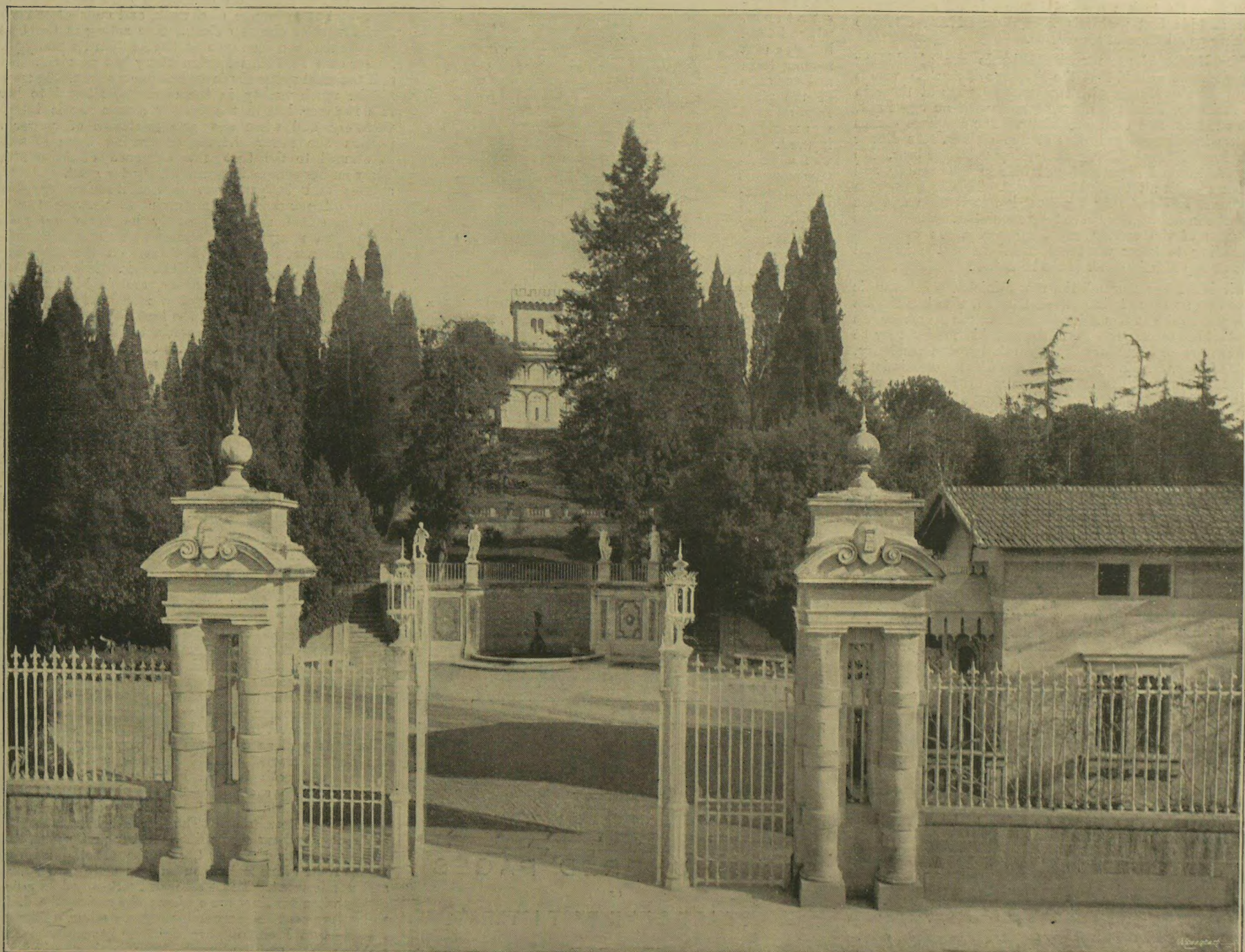
3. Bathurst, on the Gambia.

4. Goree.

5. Carrying White Man in a Hammock.



THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI, FLORENCE, THE ABODE OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN ITALY.



THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI, FLORENCE, THE ABODE OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN ITALY.

PERSONAL.

The late Lord Tweedmouth, whose regretted decease has occasioned the removal of a Ministerialist whipper-in



Photo by Mackintosh, Kelso.

THE LATE LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

of the House of Commons to the minority of the House of Lords—a very odd accident just at the moment when some people were talking of putting an end to the Upper House—was a member of the Lower House from 1853 to 1868, and again from 1874 to 1881, and it was his fate, in those years, to sit mostly on the Opposition side (never when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister), until his elevation to the Peerage in 1881. Mr. Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, M.P. for Berwick, a supporter of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, was made a baronet in 1881. He was a partner in the great Meux brewery, and at one time a director of the East India Company, and married a daughter of the late Sir James Weir Hogg. His Lordship died at the age of seventy-three.

By the death of Cardinal Thomas, Archbishop of Rouen, the Vatican has lost a useful auxiliary. Born sixty-seven years ago, at Paray-le-Monial, his parents belonged to the *petite bourgeoisie*, and could ill afford to send him to the seminary. He showed from childhood a marked vocation for the priesthood, and it was while serving as a deacon at Saint Sulpice that his remarkable intelligence was first noticed by his ecclesiastical superiors. He was ordained at the age of twenty-four, and was Bishop of La Rochelle before he was forty, being then and for some years the youngest member of the French Episcopate. In the quaint, world-forgotten town from which he took his title he was much beloved and respected, and when some ten years ago he was offered the Archbishopric of Rouen, his departure from La Rochelle was made the occasion of a public demonstration. Cardinal Thomas is said to have been one of the few advanced prelates who urged the Sovereign Pontiff to make a formal peace with the Republic. He took a marked interest in all social questions, and his best pastorals were those addressed to the working populations of his diocese.

The habits of some crowned heads are of chilling austerity. It is said that the Emperor of Austria, who is staying at Cap Martin with the Empress, rises at three in the morning, drinks a glass of milk with an egg in it, writes till six, and then breakfasts. The Empress claims a little indulgence, and rises at five o'clock. At dinner their Imperial Majesties drink nothing but lager beer. No music is allowed after half-past nine in the evening, and at ten o'clock all the lights are out. This is a Spartan existence, and certainly the Austrian Sovereign and his consort cannot be singled out by revolutionary democrats as types of the corruption of monarchy. It would be interesting to know what the members of the imperial suite at Cap Martin think of the household discipline.

Sir Mortimer Durand, the new Minister to Teheran, is a younger brother of Sir Edward Durand, who has filled a high post in the Indian Administration. Sir Mortimer has spent all his official life in India, and his family may be said to have an hereditary hold upon that great dependency, for his father, Sir Henry Durand, was Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. The new Minister to Persia is very familiar with the language and literature of that country, and perhaps he will be able to inspire the Shah, who is meditating another visit to Europe, with an interest in the Omar Khayyam Club.

Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, the musical conductor, will be remembered by many in connection with the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, especially at the time when his "See-Saw" waltz was hummed by the world in moments of abstraction. Mr. Crowe was originally in the Army, and fought at Inkerman, where he saved the life of a Russian officer, who thirty years later visited Covent Garden, recognised his preserver, and proclaimed his gratitude with festive accompaniments.

Mr. Du Maurier's lecture on pictorial satire marks a change in the temperament of the artist. After paying the highest tribute to the humour of Leech and the technical skill of Charles Keene, Mr. Du Maurier remarked that to him the world had ceased to be funny and had become interesting. This statement indicates the transition from what may be termed without offence the primitive stage of caricature. Charles Keene was one of the greatest artists in black and white that ever lived, but his observation, as Mr. Du Maurier has suggested, depended on eccentricity of types. There is now a desire to see people in their habits as they live, without any abnormal peculiarities, and the artist who adapts himself to this movement is naturally less of a caricaturist than any of his eminent predecessors.

The last details of Major Wilson's death are very dramatic. According to a Matabili chief who witnessed the scene, the little band of colonists, hemmed in by overwhelming numbers, sang "God Save the Queen" just before the final rush of the savages. That is an incident which might stir the blood even of Mr. Labouchere, who is not given to patriotic rhapsodies. The induna who tells the story was evidently impressed by the prowess of the white men, who gave so good an account of their foes that the slaughter of the Matabili was in the proportion of eight to

one. It may be permitted to us to admire the last stand of this handful of Englishmen without violating even the moral code which Mr. Labouchere has in his keeping.

The new Baths Club ought to be welcomed with acclamation by many Londoners. In addition to the ordinary conveniences of a club, members of this agreeable institution are to be provided with Turkish and Russian baths, a swimming-bath, and a gymnasium. Here we have some attempt to reproduce the old Greek life, which was passed between the bath and the symposium. What could be more soothing than to adjourn a heated political discussion from the smoking-room to the refreshing waters in which the disputants can exercise their limbs instead of their wits! The site of the proposed club is in Dover Street, and the building will extend to Berkeley Street, on the ground where Lord Abergavenny's house now stands. Ladies are to be admitted to membership, and the experiment is one of the most interesting that London clubland has ever known.

Her Majesty the Queen has just purchased a picture from Mr. A. Forestier, one of our most esteemed and valued artists. It is a water-colour drawing illustrative of an incident at the wedding of the Duke of York. The newly wedded royal pair are represented passing out of the chapel after the ceremony.

"Joachim day" at the Crystal Palace is invariably associated with a crowd and plentiful enthusiasm, and, in view of the interesting anniversary just referred to, it was not likely that this year's experience would prove an exception to the rule. Indeed, the big Sydenham concert-room was on Saturday, March 10, filled to its utmost capacity. The name of the illustrious fiddler appeared in the programme both as composer and executant, the concert beginning with the fine "elegiac" overture which he wrote (in memory of the poet, Heinrich von Kleist) for the occasion when the honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge. Dr. Joachim was heard first in the violin concerto by Brahms, which he introduced to the Crystal Palace in 1880, and of which he once more showed himself to be the only ideal interpreter. He afterwards gave a beautiful and masterly rendering of Beethoven's Romance in F, and, in response to enthusiastic applause, added in equally inimitable fashion an unaccompanied piece by Bach. The only other item calling for mention was Raff's "Lenore" symphony, the performance whereof under Mr. Manns's skilful direction is too familiar to need comment.

The death of Mr. James Theobald, M.P. for the Romford division of Essex, on March 10, was caused by a

very sad accident on the day before at the Romford railway station, where he fell between a moving train and the edge of the platform, and was mortally injured. He was a landowner in that neighbourhood, and an active county magistrate, having attended the Romford Petty Sessions just before this fatal disaster. Born in 1829, a son of Mr. Theobald of Hyde Abbey, Winchester, he was educated at Trinity College, Oxford; he married a daughter of the late Mr. W. Eaton, of Cheshire. He was elected for the Romford constituency in 1886, and was re-elected in 1892; he was a steadfast and punctual member in his attendance in the House of Commons, and was personally esteemed by men of all parties.

Judge French, of the Leicestershire County Courts, has been transferred to those of Bow and Shoreditch, vacant by the resignation of Judge Holroyd; and Mr. W. Wightman Wood has been appointed Judge of the Leicestershire County Courts.

In chronicling, some weeks ago, the decease of the venerable Lord Crewe, it was stated in error that by this event the direct line had become extinct. We are informed that there are living at the present time two grandsons of General the Hon. Richard Crewe, who was the second son of John, first Lord Crewe, as well as three granddaughters. The grandsons are Mr. Charles Preston Crewe, now resident at the Cape of Good Hope, and Mr. John Crewe.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

An author who writes a play that mainly owes its chance of success to elaborate scenery and difficult mechanical effects is very often in a grave predicament. Mr. Sutton Vane, the new author, suffered at the Adelphi on Saturday night as many of his predecessors have suffered times out of number, and as countless successors will suffer to the end of time unless our method of rehearsals is completely changed. If it had been possible to rehearse "The Cotton King" with every inch of its scenery and its perfected effects a good week before the play was produced, then the danger of prolonging a melodrama until midnight would have been avoided, and then the stage manager would have been able to make the cuts, changes, and alterations which were found to be imperatively necessary, and which, now made, alter the complexion of the drama entirely. In the direct interest of able and conscientious artists something ought to be done to conduct stage rehearsals on a new system altogether. The plan of Victorien Sardou, the greatest producer of dramas alive, should be more conscientiously followed by English managers. It is a notorious fact that the latest man in connection with a new production is the scene-painter; the one who rushes in at the last minute is the mechanician. They ought to be the very first on the stage, but according to my own experience I have always found them the very last. Rehearsals without the scenery to be displayed and the effects to be shown are, in my humble opinion, so much waste of time. The first rehearsals of an elaborate melodrama are absolutely futile. They rehearse in holes and corners. They are driven off the stage by carpenters and builders, and all they do for weary weeks is to talk off their parts to one another in a mechanical way. The consequence is that when the scenery comes, and the mechanism with it, nearly every detail of the previous rehearsals has to be altered. The exits are wrong, the entrances are wrong, the timing is incorrect, the cues have to be changed, and the hard-worked artists find to their sorrow that weeks and weeks of rehearsals have been so much waste of time. In fact, after the first performance a great proportion of the characters are cut out altogether. This is especially hard upon the actors and actresses, who, exhausted with the last late rehearsals, cannot do themselves justice when the first night arrives. I am confident that no rehearsals of any play can be of any practical value unless the scenes are properly set and the mechanical details are brought forward. How, for instance, could Mr. Charles Cartwright properly rehearse that beautiful scene where the starving mill-engineer turns a Sister of Charity from his door sooner than endanger her life, with a crash of carpentering going on all the time? And how could the mill-riot scene or the sensational lift scene be perfected unless time was given to work both of them properly?

But, for all that, the merits of Mr. Sutton Vane's new drama overcame these unfortunate accidents of representation; and now that the difficulties have been removed I hear that it goes like clockwork, and ends at the accustomed hour of eleven o'clock. The acting is the best of its kind that has been seen at the Adelphi for many years. In her own line Miss Marion Terry has no rival. She is still the most sympathetic actress we possess. There may not be much variety in the character allotted to her in this instance, but in the gentler scenes she is intensely womanly, and when she gets a chance of power and passion she never dreams of tearing them to tatters. It seemed to me that the influence of Miss Marion Terry on her companions was wholly for good. The high-spirited and buoyant Mr. Charles Warner showed that it is all nonsense to maintain that Adelphi acting, as it is called, must necessarily be fume and fustian. He played many of his scenes as quietly and with as much discretion as if he had been on the stage of the Haymarket, St. James's, or Garrick. His comedy was especially bright and refreshing, and in his long speech descriptive of the horrors of a mad-house, he held his audience as in a vice. But the best bit of character in the play was the drunken engineer, acted with such surprising force and nature by Mr. Charles Cartwright. This was not one of the conventional types of melodrama. Shillinglaw, the drunkard who loves his wife and child, is not to be found in the list in Mr. Jerome's amusing book. He is the best contribution of the new author to the new drama. He is a flesh-and-blood man, not a stagey or theatrical man. In accent, in attitude, in voice, in manner, and in heart, it is difficult to see how the man that the author evidently knows could have been more ably reproduced than by Mr. Cartwright. He is as new and as true as the John Oakhurst or Juba Bill of Bret Harte. An artist has conceived him, and an artist has personated him, and there is no more to be said on that score. Whatever people may say or think about the play, they cannot possibly deny the dramatic force or the pathetic humanity of the outcast, gentle-hearted, revengeful Shillinglaw, the factory engineer.

But there were other welcome surprises. The pretty and tender touches of Miss Hall Caine as a kind of Lancashire Hetty Sorrel justified the enthusiasm of her many friends, and sends her up one more rung in the ladder of success; while Miss Alma Stanley surprised everyone by her bright comedy power, her quick appreciation of humour, and her homely pathos. That Mrs. Dion Boucicault should have charmed everyone, old friends as well as new, was not surprising. Scarce had the sixties dawned when I saw her, a neat little Irish girl with smooth braided hair, on this very stage—or, rather, on the same site—the delightful Eily O'Connor in "The Colleen Bawn." Time has dealt gently with Mrs. Dion Boucicault. The braided hair is whitened, and care may have set its lines on her pretty face, but the silvery voice is there still, and the artistic finish which makes some of us look upon modern acting with surprise and wonderment. Mrs. Boucicault certainly does not cease acting when her lines are spoken; she assists the dialogue with movement and expression. Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. Herbert Flemming are highly to be commended, both of them doing excellent work. If I mistake not, Mr. Sutton Vane will give us a fine play some day, for his experience of the world is great, his observation keen, and, best of all, his heart is in the right place.

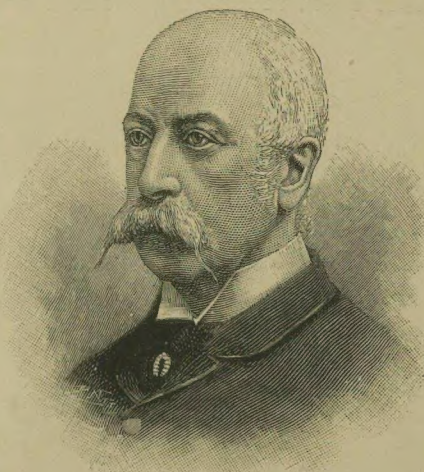


Photo by S. C. Smee, Manor Park, Essex.

THE LATE MR. J. THEOBALD, M.P.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left England for Italy on Tuesday, March 13, departing from Windsor at four o'clock in the afternoon, embarking at six o'clock on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, at Port Victoria, Queenborough, and crossing the sea to Flushing; whence she travelled by way of Brussels, Luxembourg, Metz, Strasbourg, Basle, Lucerne, and the St. Gothard, Milan, Modena, and Bologna, to Florence, a journey of forty hours, to arrive at the Villa Fabbriotti for a sojourn of about one month.

The German Empress Frederick, with Princess Adolphe of Schaumburg-Lippe, taking leave of the Queen at Windsor, came to stay a week in London at Buckingham Palace.

The Prince of Wales, at Cannes, has exchanged visits with the Emperor and Empress of Austria, who are at Mentone; and on March 13 their Majesties went to Cannes to call on his Royal Highness. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, has returned to Sandringham.

The Duke of Connaught on March 13 presided at the Imperial Institute, when a lecture was delivered by Lieutenant-Colonel Groves on the regiments of the British Army raised in India and the Colonies since 1661.

The Duke of Cambridge, on his return journey from Gibraltar, stayed a day or two at Madrid, and visited the Queen Regent of Spain.

Sir Francis Lascelles, late British Minister in Persia, has been appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and Sir Mortimer Durand, Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, late Special Envoy to the Ameer of Cabul, has been appointed to succeed Sir F. Lascelles at Teheran.

The Earl of Cork has been appointed Master of the Horse; the Earl of Chesterfield is made Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms; and the Hon. Arthur Brand, Treasurer of the Household.

Sir Francis Mowatt succeeds Sir Reginald Welby, who retires with a peerage, as Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

The London County Council on March 13 re-elected Mr. John Hutton, for the third time, as Chairman; also Mr. Charles Harrison, as Vice-Chairman; and Mr. W. H. Dickinson, as Deputy-Chairman. A resolution congratulating Lord Rosebery, as former Chairman, on his becoming Prime Minister, was passed on the motion of Lord Farrer, supported by Mr. Boulnois and Sir John Lubbock.

The Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, received on March 13 a deputation of china and earthenware manufacturers with reference to the new rules for the protection of health of workpeople under the Factories and Workshops Act.

The Association of Chambers of Commerce held its thirty-fourth annual meeting on March 13, at the Hôtel Métropole, presided over by Sir Albert Rollit, M.P. It was addressed by Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, who said he had prepared a Bill for dealing with railway rates on goods traffic, and one for consolidation of the merchant shipping laws.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have left London for Brighton, to stay about a week.

The President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, on March 12 telegraphed to the Emperor of Russia his "sincere and affectionate wishes" and congratulations on his Majesty's birthday, to which Alexander III. replied with a high sense of the friendliness of this attention.

A debate arose in the French Chamber of Deputies on March 12 upon certain proposals by M. Goblet and others for the revision of the Constitution, with a view to lessen the power of the Senate, by providing that, after two deliberations upon a legislative measure in both Houses, the measure should be enacted by a final vote of the Chamber without the Senate. There was also a proposal to deprive the President of his power, with the consent of the Senate, to dissolve the Chamber. The Ministers, M. Casimir Périer and M. Deschanel, resist these changes of the Constitution.

A calculation has been made that the aggregate amount of all the Russian financial securities now afloat on the Bourse of Paris and Lyons, or offered to French speculators and investors, is the immense sum of £336,000,000, which includes not only State funds, provincial and municipal bonds, but the stock and debentures of various companies and industrial or commercial undertakings in the Russian Empire.

The new treaty of commerce between Russia and the German Empire, avowedly promoted by the Emperor William and the Chancellor Count Caprivi, as well from political motives as for the benefit of German mercantile and manufacturing interests, is steadily making its way through the Imperial Reichstag at Berlin, though opposed by the landed and agricultural interest, to which, however, some concession has been made in the rates of railway charges for the transport of corn. The proposed treaty will be ten years in force, and may develop trading intercourse between the two nations tending to remove any hostile sentiment that has recently prevailed. On March 13 the second reading of the Tariff Bill was passed by 205 against 151 votes.

The German Empress Victoria has gone to stay at Abbazia, on the Austrian shore of the Adriatic.

There is a partial change of Ministry in Spain, where Señor Sagasta has admitted to his Cabinet four new members—Aguilera, Becerra, Groizard, and Amos

Salvador—in the departments of the Interior, the Colonies, Public Works, and Finance. The return of Marshal Campos from Morocco has been delayed some days by the Sultan inviting him to a series of festivities and banquets. The Sultan will pay to Spain the indemnity of twenty million francs for the Riff hostilities at Melilla, but in old Spanish dollars, which have long been depreciated fourteen per cent. and withdrawn from circulation in Spain, but which are still current in Morocco.

The hostilities between the British Government of the Gambia, on the west coast of Africa, and the Mandingo chief Fodi Silah, to the south of Bathurst, have terminated in the complete defeat of all that chief's forces and the destruction of all his stockaded towns and villages. On Thursday, March 8, the seacoast town of Gunjur, which was strongly fortified, was abandoned by the enemy, after two days' bombardment by Admiral Bedford's naval squadron; and the Naval Brigade, with the artillery under Major Fairclough, next day took possession of that place. In the meantime, Major G. C. Madden, commanding since the death of Colonel A. B. Ellis the 1st Battalion of the West India Regiment, marched overland, fighting the enemy with repeated victory, and capturing the strongholds of Busumballa, Jambur, and Birkama, while Saniany was abandoned on the approach of the British troops. Fodi Silah fled into the adjacent French territory, and was captured on March 10 by French troops.

A military expedition, on the north-eastern frontier of India, to chastise the Padam Abors, in the Himalayan valley of the Dibong, a highland tributary of the river

THE LATE SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

A famous maker, as well as administrator, of the law passed away on March 11, in the person of Sir James Stephen, who died at Redhouse Park, Ipswich. Sir Frederick Pollock, in his graceful memoir of an old friend, says of him that "few English judges have left behind them a record of such continued, arduous, and useful work." He was born March 3, 1829. His chief exploit at the Bar was the masterly argument in the prosecution of the Rev. Rowland Williams for heresy. In 1879 he was appointed a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division, but it must be confessed he left few distinct marks in the shape of judgments. His quality of mind was distinctly combative and literary, and this was in some measure why he had failed to commend himself to the constituencies of Harwich and Dundee, which he unsuccessfully wooed in 1865 and 1873 respectively. His genius was too wayward for commonplace people, and in this his son, James Kenneth Stephen, resembled him. The meteoric brilliancy of J. K. Stephen's career, which ended so tragically in 1892, will be remembered by many who had just learned to look for his initials at the end of Calverley-like poems.

The writer was present at the last assays, in 1891, over which Mr. Justice Stephen presided, and while it was noticeable that he had not the same equability of temper or ease in quick decision as on previous occasions, yet among barristers there was still an enthusiastic appreciation of his keen intellectual grasp of minute details. To the *Times* fell the unpleasant duty of voicing the opinion that Sir James would best serve the Bench and his own great reputation by retiring from it. The late Judge read the leading article, which proved a sad awakening to the fact that the inevitable laws of nature must be obeyed. But he courageously and immediately faced the situation, and resigned in a touching and dignified way. While his manner was severe, not a few instances could be recorded of delicate acts of kindness performed by the late Judge to nervous or reluctant witnesses. Undoubtedly, the great anxiety caused by the Maybrick case, in the consideration of which his Lordship was unremitting in conscientious thought, had an effect upon his health and subsequent career. His retirement was the signal for a chorus of compliments on his splendid services, especially as regards that monumental work of his earlier life, the codification of the criminal law of India. His pen resumed some of its former task after he had left the Bench, and in the *Saturday Review* (where his luminous "Essays by a Barrister" were originally printed) some articles in his caustic, unmistakable style have from time to time appeared.

MUSIC.

The Popular Concert season is now approaching its close, and the limit of Dr. Joachim's annual stay in our midst is therefore very nearly reached. It is satisfactory to learn that the great violinist will not be allowed to depart before he has received formal congratulations of a more or less public kind upon the attainment of the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in this country. A committee has recently been formed for the purpose of giving effect to the general wish in this matter, and invitations have been issued for an evening reception at the Grafton Galleries on the Thursday following the last Monday Popular Concert. Not the least pleasing feature of the compliment to be paid to the king of violinists is that it is to be shared in equal measure by his tried and gifted colleague Signor Piatti, who, by a strange coincidence—for after all it is nothing else when we come to reckon by half-centuries—made his debut at the Philharmonic only a few weeks after that of Joseph Joachim. Apart from the personal affection and esteem in which they are held, a deep debt of gratitude is due to these distinguished musicians for the part they have played in the growth and development of musical taste in England during the three or four decades that they have been regular visitors here. It is almost impossible to imagine that the "Pops" could ever have existed without Joachim and Piatti; and without the "Pops" it is still more difficult to conceive that the love of chamber music, with all its refining influence and its wonderful educational power, could have ever spread far and wide as it has done during the thirty-five years that these concerts have been in progress.

The opera selected for the annual examination of the Royal College of Music opera class this year was Weber's "Abu Hassan." The performance took place on Monday, March 12, in the West Theatre of the Albert Hall. The last occasion on which this one-act comic opera was given in London was some twenty-four years ago, at Drury Lane, when the late Madame Trebelli sustained the title-role. The plot turns on the intrigues of the reckless and impecunious Hassan to obtain money. He has an accomplice in his wife, Fatima, and each in turn pretending to be dead, aid is procured for the funeral expenses of both from the Caliph and his consort. The discovery of the fraud and their forgiveness by the Caliph, who expels Omar, the amorous chief creditor, terminates a series of ludicrous situations. To these Weber has wedded some gay, graceful, and admirably appropriate music, particularly worthy of attention being the tenor air with bassoon obbligato, two duets for Hassan and Fatima, a terzetto, and a chorus of creditors. The best of the impersonations was that of Omar by Mr. Alfred W. Clark, a genuinely humorous comedian endowed with a fine bass voice. Mr. N. McLeod Jones, as Hassan, used a pleasant tenor organ in easy fashion, and Miss Ena Bedford, as Fatima, made the most of her opportunities—her great air being omitted—both as singer and actress. The creditors' chorus went well, and the rendering of the fairly familiar overture was quite up to the Royal College standard. Dr. Villiers Stanford conducted the opera.

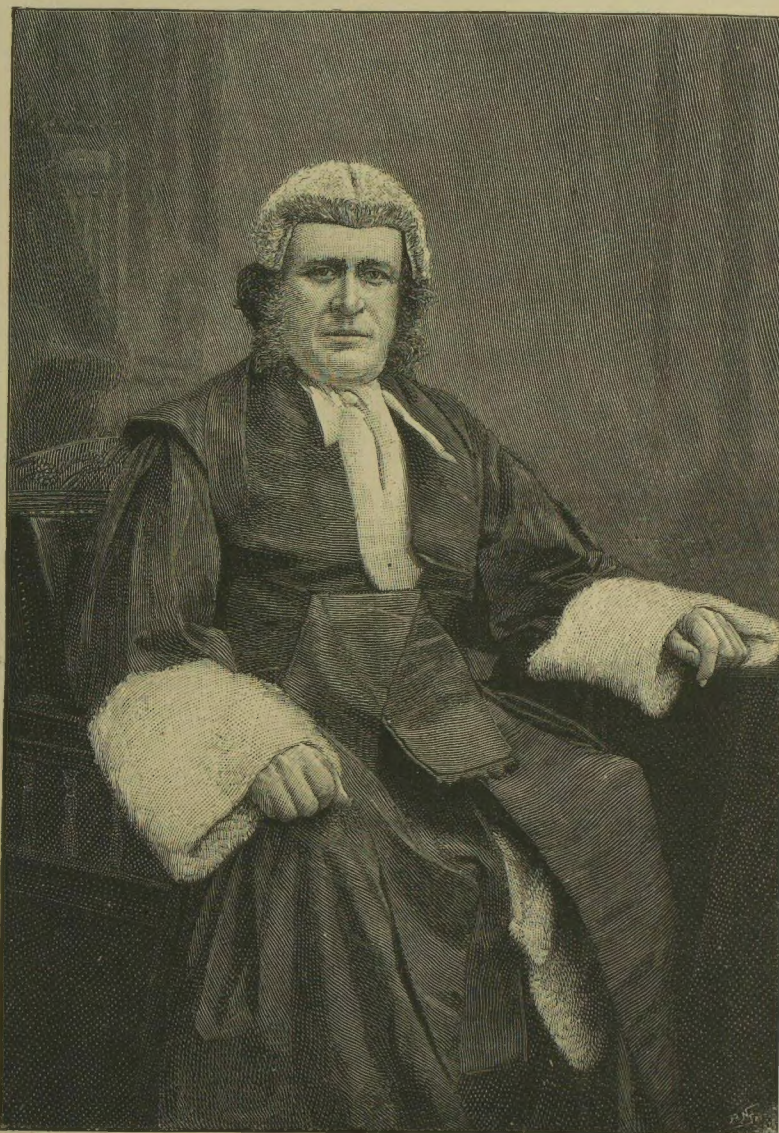


Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, BART., K.C.S.I.

Brahmapootra, seems to have encountered a check. About four hundred men, chiefly Ghoorkas, with some Bengal Infantry, were under command of Captain Maxwell, who found himself unable to force his way up to Damroh, the principal Abor village. On Feb. 27 a detached party of thirty men, at Bordak, was intercepted by the enemy, and it was said that nearly all were killed, but this rumour is not confirmed.

The Indian Government, at the request of the Ameer of Cabul, has ordered an exact demarcation of the Indian frontier towards Afghanistan and Beloochistan.

In Australia the Victorian Government has decided upon the early construction of a railway through the Mallee country, towards the fruit-growing settlement of Mildura. The Mallee country is densely overgrown with scrub, but the soil has been found very suitable for wheat.

In Brazil, on March 11, the Government gave notice to the representatives of the foreign nations that the forts would, after forty-eight hours, open fire on the ships of the insurgents' squadron and bombard Villegaignon and the Cobras islands; the inhabitants were, therefore, warned to leave the city. The insurgent's ships did not return the fire. Admiral Da Gama has since offered to surrender to the Government, but Marshal Peixoto demands unconditional submission.

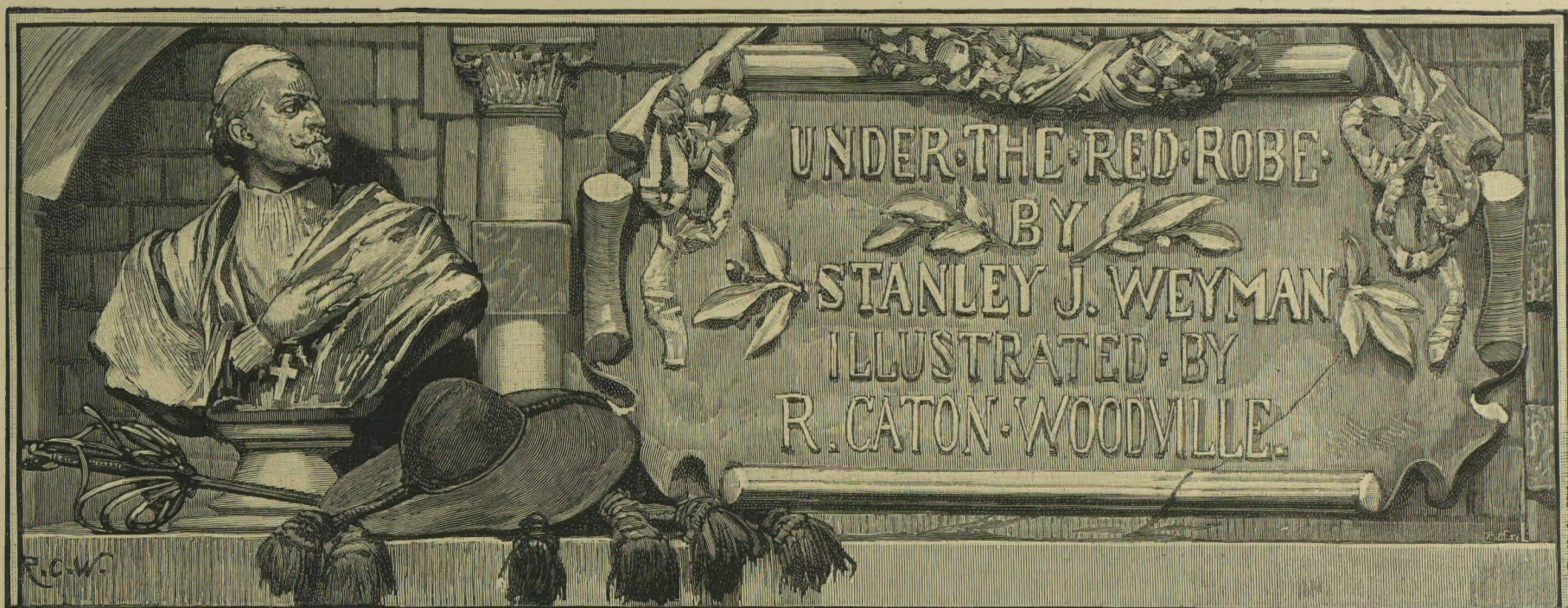
The election of a new President of the Republic of Uruguay resulted, on March 12, in Dr. José Ellauri being chosen, the rival candidate withdrawing after twelve days' contest; but Dr. Ellauri has declined.

The British force of Royal Marines landed from H.M.S. Cleopatra at Blewfields, in the Mosquito territory of Central America, to prevent injury to British or American property from an apprehended native outbreak, has been withdrawn.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN."

From the Picture by Frans Hals, in the National Gallery.



CHAPTER XI.

THE ROAD TO PARIS.

I remember hearing Marshal Bassompierre, who, of all the men I have known, had the widest experience, say that not dangers but discomforts prove a man and show what he is; and that the worst sores in life are caused by crumpled rose-leaves and not by thorns.

I am inclined to think him right. For I remember that when I came from my room on the morning after the arrest, and found hall and parlour and passage empty, and all the common rooms of the house deserted, and no meal laid; and when I divined anew from this discovery the feeling of the house towards me—however natural and to be expected—I felt as sharp a pang as when, the night before, I had had to face discovery and open rage and scorn. I stood in the silent empty parlour, and looked on the familiar things with a sense of desolation, of something lost and gone, which I could not understand. The morning was grey and cloudy, the air sharp, a shower was falling. The rose-bushes outside swayed in the wind, and inside, where I could remember the hot sunshine lying on floor and table, the rain beat in and stained the boards. The inner door flapped and creaked on its hinges. I thought of other days and of meals I had taken there, and of the scent of flowers; and I fled to the hall in despair.

But here, too, was no sign of life or company, no comfort, no attendance. The ashes of the logs, by whose blaze Mademoiselle had told me the secret, lay on the hearth white and cold—fit emblem of the change that had taken place; and now and then a drop of moisture, sliding down the great chimney, pattered among them. The main door stood open as if the house had no longer anything to guard. The only living thing to be seen was a hound which roamed about restlessly, now gazing at the empty hearth, now lying down with pricked ears and watchful eyes. Some leaves which had been blown in rustled in a corner.

I went out moodily into the garden and wandered down one path and up another, looking at the dripping woods, and remembering things until I came to the stone seat. On it, against the wall, trickling with raindrops, and with a dead leaf half filling its narrow neck, stood the pitcher of food. I thought how much had happened since Mademoiselle took her hand off it and the sergeant's lanthorn disclosed it to me; and, sighing grimly, I went in again through the parlour door.

A woman was on her knees kindling the belated fire. I stood a moment looking at her doubtfully, wondering how she would bear herself and what she would say to me; and then she turned, and I cried out her name in horror—for it was Madame! Madame de Cocheforêt!

She was plainly dressed, and her childish face was wan and piteous with weeping; but either the night had worn out her passion and drained her tears or some great exigency had given her temporary calmness, for she was perfectly composed. She shivered as her eyes met mine and she blinked as if a light had been suddenly thrust before her, but she turned again to her task without speaking.

"Madame! Madame!" I cried in a frenzy of distress. "What is this?"

"The servants would not do it," she answered in a low but steady voice. "You are still our guest, Monsieur."



She sank on a seat with a moan of despair, and at that moment M. de Cocheforêt opened the door and came in. "What is this?" he said, frowning.

"But I cannot suffer it!" I cried. "Madame de Cocheforêt, I will not—"

She raised her hand with a strange patient expression on her face. "Hush! please," she said. "Hush! you trouble me."

The fire blazed up as she spoke, and she rose slowly from it, and with a lingering look at it went out, leaving me to stand and stare and listen in the middle of the floor. Presently I heard her coming back along the passage, and she entered bearing a tray with wine and meat and bread. She set it down on the table, and with the same wan face trembling always on the verge of tears, she began to lay out the things. The glasses clinked fitfully against the plates as she handled them; the knives jarred with one another. And I stood by, trembling myself; and endured this strange kind of penance.

She signed to me at last to sit down; and she went herself, and stood in the garden doorway with her back to me. I obeyed. I sat down. But though I had eaten nothing since the afternoon of the day before, I could not swallow. I fumbled with my knife, and drank; and grew hot and angry at this farce; and then looked through the window at the dripping bushes, and the rain and the distant sundial—and grew cold again.

Suddenly she turned round and came to my side. "You do not eat," she said.

I threw down my knife and sprang up in a frenzy of passion. "*Mon Dieu! Madame!*" I cried. "Do you think I have no heart?"

And then in a moment I knew what I had done, what a folly I had committed. In a moment she was on her knees on the floor, clasping my knees, pressing her wet cheeks to my rough clothes, crying to me for mercy—for life! life! life! Oh, it was horrible! It was horrible to hear her gasping voice, to see her fair hair falling over my mud-stained boots, to see her slender little form convulsed with sobs, to feel that it was a woman—a gentlewoman—who thus abased herself at my feet!

"Oh, Madame! Madame!" I cried in my pain. "I beg you to rise. Rise, or I must go!"

"His life! only his life!" she moaned passionately. "What had he done to you that you should hunt him down? What have we done to you that you should slay us? Oh! have mercy! Have mercy! Let him go, and we will pray for you—I and my sister will pray for you—every morning and night of our lives."

I was in terror lest someone should come and see her lying there, and I stooped and tried to raise her. But she only sank the lower, until her tender little hands clasped my spurs. I dared not move. I took a sudden resolution.

"Listen, then, Madame!" I said almost sternly, "if you will not rise. You forget much. You forget how I stand, and how small my power is! You forget that if I were to release your husband to-day he would be seized within the hour by those who are still in the village and who are watching every road—who have not ceased to suspect my movements and my intentions. You forget, I say, my circumstances—"

She cut me short on that word. She sprang to her feet and faced me. One moment more, and I should have said something to the purpose. But at that word she stood before me white, breathless, dishevelled, struggling for speech.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she panted eagerly. "I know—I know!" And she thrust her hand into her bosom and plucked something out and gave it to me—forced it upon me. "I know—I know!" she said again. "Take it, and God reward you, Monsieur! God reward you! We give it freely—freely and thankfully!"

I stood and looked at her and it, and slowly I froze. She had given me the packet—the packet I had restored to Mademoiselle—the parcel of jewels. I weighed it in my hands, and my heart grew hard again, for I knew that this was Mademoiselle's doing; that it was she who, mistrusting the effect of Madame's tears and prayers, had armed her with this last weapon—this dirty bribe. I flung it down on the table among the plates.

"Madame!" I cried ruthlessly, all my pity changed to anger, "you mistake me altogether! I have heard hard words enough in the last twenty-four hours, and I know what you think of me! But you have yet to learn that I have never turned traitor to the hand that employed me, nor sold my own side! When I do so for a treasure ten times the worth of that, may my hand rot off!"

She sank on a seat with a moan of despair, and at that moment M. de Cocheforêt opened the door and came in. Over his shoulder I had a glimpse of Mademoiselle's proud face, a little whiter than of yore; with dark marks under the eyes, but like Satan's for coldness. "What is this?" he said, frowning, as his eyes lighted on Madame.

"It is—that we start at eleven o'clock, Monsieur," I answered, bowing curtly. And I went out by the other door.

That I might not be present at their parting I remained in the garden until the hour I had appointed was well passed; and then, without entering the house, I went to the stable entrance. Here I found all in readiness, the two troopers whose company I had requisitioned as far as Auch already in the saddle, my own two knaves waiting with my sorrel and M. de Cocheforêt's chestnut. Another horse was being led up and down by Louis, and, alas! my heart moved at the sight, for it bore a lady's saddle. We were to have company then. Was it Madame who meant to come with us, or Mademoiselle? And how far? To Auch?

I suppose that they had set some kind of a watch on me, for as I walked up M. de Cocheforêt and his sister came out of the house; he with a white face and bright eyes and a twitching visible in his cheek—though he still affected a jaunty bearing; she wearing a black mask.

"Mademoiselle accompanies us?" I said formally.

"With your permission, Monsieur," he answered with

bitter politeness. But I saw that he was choking with emotion: he had just parted from his wife, and I turned away.

When we were all mounted, he looked at me. "Perhaps—as you have my parole, you will permit me to ride alone?" he said, with a little hesitation, "and—"

"Without me!" I rejoined keenly. "Assuredly, so far as is possible." And I directed the troopers to ride in front, keeping out of earshot, while my two men followed at a little distance with their carbines on their knees. Last of all, I rode myself with my eyes open and a pistol loose in my holster. M. de Cocheforêt was inclined to sneer at so many precautions and the mountain made of his request; but I had not done so much and come so far, I had not faced scorn and insults to be cheated of my prize at last; and aware that until we were beyond Auch there must be hourly and pressing danger of a rescue, I was determined that he who should wrest my prisoner from me should pay dearly for it. Only pride, and perhaps in a degree also appetite for a fight, had prevented me borrowing ten troopers instead of two.

I looked with a lingering eye and many memories at the little bridge, the narrow woodland path, the first roofs of the village; all now familiar, all seen for the last time. Up the brook a party of soldiers were dragging for the captain's body. A furlong farther on, a cottage, burned by some carelessness in the night, lay a heap of black ashes. Louis ran beside us, weeping; the last brown leaves fluttered down in showers. And between my eyes and all, the slow steady rain fell and fell. And so I left Cocheforêt.

Louis went with us to a point a mile beyond the village, and there stood and saw us go, cursing me furiously as I passed. Looking back when we had ridden on, I still saw him standing, and after a moment's hesitation I rode back to him. "Listen, fool!" I said, cutting him short in the midst of his mowing and snarling, "and give this message to your mistress. Tell her from me that it will be with her husband as it was with M. de Regnier, when he fell into the hands of his enemy—no better and no worse."

"You want to kill her too, I suppose?" he answered glowering at me.

"No, fool! I want to save her!" I retorted wrathfully. "Tell her that, just that and no more, and you will see the result."

"I shall not," he said sullenly. "A message from you indeed!" And he spat on the ground.

"Then on your head be it!" I answered solemnly. And I turned my horse's head and galloped fast after the others. But I felt sure that he would report what I had said—if it were only out of curiosity; and it would be strange if Madame, a gentlewoman of the south, did not understand the reference.

And so we began our journey; sadly, under dripping trees and a leaden sky. The country we had to traverse was the same I had trodden on the last day of my march southwards, but the passage of a month had changed the face of everything. Green dells, where springs welling out of the chalk had made of the leafy bottom a fairies' home, strewn with delicate ferns and hung with mosses, were now swamps into which our horses sank to the fetlock. Sunny brows, whence I had viewed the champaign and traced my forward path, had become bare wind-swept ridges. The beech woods that had glowed with ruddy light were naked now; mere black trunks and rigid arms pointing to heaven. An earthy smell filled the air; a hundred paces away a wall of mist closed the view. We plodded on sadly up hill and down hill, now fording brooks, already stained with flood-water, now crossing barren heaths. But up hill or down hill, whatever the outlook, I was never permitted to forget that I was the jailer—the ogre, the villain; that I, riding behind in my loneliness, was the blight on all—the death-spot. True, I was behind the others—I escaped their eyes. But there was not a line of Mademoiselle's figure that did not speak scorn to me; not a turn of her head that did not seem to say, "Oh, God! that such a thing should breathe!"

I had only speech with her once during the day, and that was on the last ridge before we went down into the valley to climb up again to Auch. The rain had ceased; the sun, near its setting, shone faintly; for a few moments we stood on the brow and looked southwards while we breathed the horses. The mist lay like a pall on the country we had traversed; but beyond and above it, gleaming pearl-like in the level rays, the line of the mountains stood up like a land of enchantment—soft, radiant, wonderful!—or like one of those castles on the Hill of Glass of which the old romances tell us. I forgot for an instant how we were placed, and I cried to my neighbour that it was the fairest pageant I had ever seen.

She—it was Mademoiselle, and she had taken off her mask—cast one look at me; only one, but it conveyed disgust and loathing so unspeakable that scorn beside them would have been a gift. I reined in my horse as if she had struck me, and felt myself go first hot and then cold under her eyes. Then she looked another way.

I did not forget the lesson; after that I avoided her more sedulously than before. We lay that night at Auch, and I gave M. de Cocheforêt the utmost liberty, even permitting him to go out and return at his will. In the morning, believing that on the farther side of Auch we ran little risk of attack, I dismissed the two dragoons, and an hour after sunrise we set out again. The day was dry and cold, the weather more promising. I planned to go by way of Lectoure, crossing the Garonne at Agen, and I thought that, with roads continually improving as we moved northwards, we should be able to make good progress before night. My two men rode first, I came last by myself.

Our way lay down the valley of the Gers, under poplars and by long rows of willows, and presently the sun came out and warmed us. Unfortunately the rain of the day before had swollen the brooks which crossed our path, and we more than once had a difficulty in fording them. Noon, therefore, found us little more than halfway to Lectoure, and I was growing each minute more impatient when our road, which had for a little

while left the river bank, dropped down to it again, and I saw before us another crossing, half ford half slough. My men tried it gingerly and gave back and tried it again in another place; and finally, just as Mademoiselle and Monsieur came up to them, floundered through and sprang slantwise up the farther bank.

The delay had been long enough to bring me, with no good will of my own, close up to the Cocheforêts. Mademoiselle's horse made a little business of the place, and in the result we entered the water almost together, and I crossed close on her heels. The bank on either side was steep; while crossing we could see neither before nor behind. At the moment, however, I thought nothing of this nor of her delay; and I was following her quite at my leisure when the sudden report of a carbine—a second report—and a yell of alarm in front thrilled me through.

On the instant, while the sound was still in my ears, I saw it all. Like a hot iron piercing my brain the truth flashed into my mind. We were attacked! We were attacked, and I was here helpless in this pit, this trap! The loss of a second while I fumbled here, Mademoiselle's horse barring the way, might be fatal.

There was but one way. I turned my horse straight at the steep bank, and he breasted it. One moment he hung as if he must fall back. Then, with a snort of terror and a desperate bound, he topped it, and gained the level, trembling and snorting.

Ha! Seventy paces away on the road lay one of my men. He had fallen, horse and man, and lay still. Near him, with his back against a bank, stood his fellow, on foot, pressed by four horsemen, and shouting. As my eye lighted on the scene he let fly with a carbine, and dropped one.

I clutched a pistol from my holster and seized my horse by the head. I might save the man yet. I shouted to him to encourage him, and in another second I should have launched myself to the rescue, when a sudden vicious blow, swift and unexpected, struck the pistol from my hand.

I made a snatch at it as it fell, but missed it, and before I could recover myself, Mademoiselle thrust her horse furiously against mine, and with her riding-whip lashed the sorrel across the ears. As the horse reared up madly, I had a glimpse of her eyes flashing hate through her mask; of her hand again uplifted; the next moment, I was down in the road, ingloriously unhorsed, the sorrel was galloping away, and her horse, scared in its turn, was plunging unmanageably a score of paces from me.

But for that I think that she would have trampled on me. As it was, I was free to rise, and draw, and in a twinkling was running towards the fighters. All had happened in a few seconds. My man was still defending himself, the smoke of the carbine had scarcely risen. I sprang across a fallen tree that intervened, and at the same moment two of the men detached themselves and rode to meet me. One, whom I took to be the leader, was masked. He came furiously at me to ride me down, but I leapt aside nimbly, and, evading him, rushed at the other, and scaring his horse, so that he dropped his point, cut him across the shoulder before he could guard himself. He plunged away cursing and trying to hold in his horse; and I turned to meet the masked man.

"You villain!" he cried, riding at me again. And this time he manoeuvred his horse so skillfully that I was hard put to it to prevent him knocking me down, while I could not with all my efforts reach him to hurt him. "Surrender, will you!" he continued, "you bloodhound!"

I wounded him slightly in the knee for answer; before I could do more his companion came back and the two set upon me, slashing at my head so furiously and towering above me with so great an advantage that it was all I could do to guard it. I was soon glad to fall back against the bank. In this sort of conflict my rapier would have been of little use, but fortunately I had armed myself before I left Paris with a cut-and-thrust sword for the road; and though my mastery of the weapon was not on a par with my rapier play, I was able to fend off their cuts, and by an occasional prick keep the horses at a distance. Still, they swore and cut at me; and it was trying work. A little delay might enable the other man to come to their help, or Mademoiselle, for all I knew, might shoot me with my own pistol; and I was unfeignedly glad when a lucky parade sent the masked man's sword flying across the road. On that he pushed his horse recklessly at me, spurring it without mercy; but the animal, which I had several times touched, reared up instead, and threw him at the very moment that I wounded his companion a second time in the arm, and made him give back.

The scene was now changed. The man in the mask staggered to his feet, and felt stupidly for a pistol. But he could not find one, and was in no state to use it if he had. He reeled helplessly to the bank and leaned against it. The man I had wounded was in scarcely better condition. He retreated before me, but in a moment, losing courage, let drop his sword, and, wheeling round, cantered off, clinging to his pommel. There remained only the fellow engaged with my man, and I turned to see how they were getting on. They were standing to take breath, so I ran towards them; but on seeing me coming, this rascal, too, whipped round his horse and disappeared in the wood, and left us victors.

The first thing I did—and I remember it to this day with pleasure—was to plunge my hand into my pocket, take out half of all the money I had in the world, and press it on the man who had fought for me so stoutly. In my joy I could have kissed him! It was not only that I had escaped defeat by the skin of my teeth—and his good sword; but I knew, and felt, and thrilled with the knowledge, that the fight had, in a sense, redeemed my character. He was wounded in two places, and I had a scratch or two, and had lost my horse; and my other poor fellow was dead as a herring. But, speaking for myself, I would have spent half the blood in my body to purchase the feeling with which I turned back to speak to M. de Cocheforêt and his sister. Mademoiselle had dismounted, and

with her face averted and her mask pushed on one side, was openly weeping. Her brother, who had faithfully kept his place by the ford from the beginning of the fight to the end, met me with raised eyebrows and a peculiar smile. "Acknowledge my virtue," he said airily. "I am here, M. de Berault. Which is more than can be said of the two gentlemen who have just ridden off."

"Yes," I answered with a touch of bitterness. "I wish that they had not shot my poor man before they went."

He shrugged his shoulders. "They were my friends," he said. "You must not expect me to blame them. But that is not all."

"No," I said, wiping my sword. "There is this gentleman in the mask." And I turned to go towards him.

"M. de Berault!" Cocheforêt called my name suddenly. I stood. "Pardon?"

I said, turning.

"That gentleman?" he said, hesitating and looking at me doubtfully. "Have you considered what will happen to him if you give him up to the authorities?"

"What is he?" I said sharply.

"That is rather a delicate question," he answered frowning.

"Not for me," I replied brutally, "since he is in my power. If he will take off his mask I shall know better what I intend to do with him."

The stranger had lost his hat in his fall, and his fair hair, stained with dust, hung in curls on his shoulders. He was a tall man, of a slender, handsome presence, and though his dress was plain and almost rough, I espied a splendid jewel on his hand, and fancied I detected other signs of high quality. He still lay against the bank in a half-swooning condition, and seemed unconscious of my scrutiny. "Should I know him if he unmasked?" I said suddenly, a new idea in my head.

"Yes," M. de Cocheforêt answered.

"And?"

"It would be bad for everyone."

"Ho! ho!" I said softly, looking hard first at my old prisoner, and then at my new one. "Then—what do you wish me to do?"

"Leave him here!"

M. de Cocheforêt answered, his face flushed, the pulse in his cheek beating. I had known him for a man of perfect honour before, and trusted him. But this evident earnest anxiety on behalf of his friend touched me.

And besides, I knew that I was treading on slippery ground: that it behoved me to be careful. "I will do it," I said after a moment's reflection. "He will play me no tricks, I suppose? A letter of—"

"Mon Dieu, no! He will understand," Cocheforêt answered eagerly. "You will not repent it. Let us be—"

"Well, but my horse?" I said, somewhat taken aback by this extreme haste.

"We shall overtake it," he replied. "It will have kept the road. Lectoure is no more than a league from here, and we can give orders there to have these two fetched and—"

I had nothing to gain by demurring, and so it was arranged. We picked up what we had dropped, M. de Cocheforêt helped his sister to mount, and within five minutes we were gone. Casting a glance back from the skirts of the wood I fancied that I saw the masked man straighten himself and turn to look after us, but the leaves were beginning to intervene, the distance may have cheated me. And yet I was not indisposed to think the unknown a trifle more observant than he seemed.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been enjoying the perusal of a very suggestive article by Dr. A. T. Schofield, recently published in a medical contemporary and entitled "On Mental Therapeutics." What Dr. Schofield has to say about mind as a medical factor in influencing our physical ways, recalls the work of Dr. Tuke in this direction in his famous book on the influence of mind on the body. One has only to think of "faith-cures," new and old, to receive illustrations of the influence in question. Many a man has testified in all the reality of conviction to the good a remedy has effected in his case, without knowing that his "faith" (as a nervous condition and factor) was the chief agent in the process of cure. Bread pills and pure water (otherwise designated of

and in the upbringing of children, the value of the clock as an educational agent, physical and mental alike, is enunciated by Dr. Schofield.

Mr. A. W. Stokes, Public Analyst to the Vestry of the Parish of Paddington, forwards me his report for the quarter ending Dec. 25 last, and directs my attention to certain important facts which his analytical inquiries have elicited. Out of 191 samples of milk examined, forty were found to be adulterated. Inquiring into the sources of the adulteration, Mr. Stokes says that seventy-nine samples were taken from the railway stations as the milk came direct from the country. Now, of these seventy-nine samples, thirteen (or an average of sixteen per cent.) proved to be adulterated. From shops, on weekdays, thirty-three samples were taken, and seven were adulterated, that is

twenty-one per cent. On Sundays, ten shop samples were bought. Of these four (or forty per cent.) were below the mark. From itinerant milk-dealers in the street, fifteen weekday samples were procured. Of these, one sample (or six and a half per cent.) had been tampered with. On Sundays, the street vendors supplied fifty-four samples, whereof fifteen (or twenty-seven per cent.) were found to be watered or skimmed.

Mr. Stokes concludes that, on ordinary days one out of six milks purchased may be found under par, while on Sundays one out of every three milks has, in all probability, been watered or otherwise reduced. He goes on to add that Sunday is, with the poor, a milk-pudding day, and that the fraud, therefore, tells hardly upon the masses—a very trite remark in my opinion. In addition to these actually adulterated milks, there was a certain number which "only just passed as genuine," these having been probably slightly watered or skimmed, a process bringing them down to the level of very poor milks. The rural adulteration strikes me as a very bad feature of the milk traffic. "The cow with the iron tail" seems to be in use in the farmyard. Some 16 per cent. of the samples came adulterated from the country direct.

Dr. W. J. Russell's lecture of last year at the Royal Institution on ancient Egyptian pigments, although only lately reported, as far as I have seen, contains information of an extremely interesting kind respecting the colours employed by that people. The red pigment, Dr. Russell says, is a native oxide of iron; in other words, a hæmatite; and he adds there is every reason to believe this was the earliest red pigment used, while it remains to this day the commonest and most important one. Its virtues make it impervious to acids, and unchangeable by heat, moisture, or sunlight. The yellow of the Egyptians is also a natural product, and consists of a native ochre. The mixture of the red and yellow, giving an orange hue, represents one of the very earliest colours whose history is known. The samples Dr. Russell refers to were found on a tomb at Medum, built by Nefermat, a high official of the Court of Senefru, who lived in the fourth dynasty, about 4000 B.C.

The characters on Nefermat's tomb tell us that the tomb was made "to his gods in his unspoilable writing." The characters and figures are incised, Dr. Russell tells us, and filled in with coloured pastes whose lasting powers are remarkable. The Egyptian blue was first represented by the mineral chersylite, but about 2500 B.C. artificial blues were employed, which really represent chemically each "an imperfect glass." The pink colour, Dr. Russell adds, was of vegetable origin. This substance, when heated, leaves a large residue of sulphate of lime. Madder was the chief ingredient in the pink colour, and munjeet was a second source of the pink hue.



"You villain!" he cried, riding at me again.

course) have before now effected marvellous cures when other remedies of distinct therapeutic value have failed. There is undoubtedly a potency of "mind" which, I presume, transformed into nerve-force, brings about very distinct effects on the body at large. The question is, Can this mental influence be so ordered, worked upon, or adjusted as to become definitely useful in medicine? I suppose the answer to this inquiry will be a very decided negative; for the plain reason that we cannot always influence the mental state as we will, and because the power of "suggestion" (which is hypnotism of a very mild kind) is not operative in all persons alike.

Dr. Schofield reminds us of the cure of a raging toothache which is often effected by a wait in the dentist's ante-room, preparatory to our entrance to the torture-chamber. But the point of Dr. Schofield's argument is the medicinal value of the clock. This is a novel and striking way of illustrating the power and force of habit. He quotes Sir Dyce Duckworth in saying that persistent vomiting is often relieved by the giving of liquid food in teaspoonfuls every five minutes "by the clock." This plan is more effective if the patient can see the clock. Here, expectant attention controls the irritable stomach, I suppose. In the nursery,

AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN.

St. Albans, Historical and Picturesque. By C. H. Ashdown. Illustrated by F. G. Kitton. (London: Elliot Stock).—The compiler of this handsome volume justly remarks that St. Albans occupies a foremost place in connection with the early historical records of England. No existing town has a more varied or more interesting history. It was probably a settlement of the Britons even before London was founded. It was a populous Roman city for four hundred years, and for ages the ruins of *Verulamium* supplied building materials to the successive occupants of its site. From this convenient quarry was raised a palace of the Mercian kings, and on the spot where St. Alban suffered martyrdom a church was built, which was afterwards enlarged and became a monastery. The town gradually grew up round the monastery. Three churches were built to attract inhabitants, contrary to the modern practice of erecting such edifices when an increase of population justifies the proceeding. In the course of time the place became the scene of constant struggles for the upper hand between those who lived there and those who wanted to turn them out. It was taken by the Saxons, retaken by the British prince Pendragon, destroyed by the Angles; and when the Normans came, William the Conqueror would have demolished the Abbey, but it was spared on the intercession of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Under the Normans St. Alban's Abbey was rebuilt and greatly extended. It increased in wealth and magnificence, and its abbots were among the most influential dignitaries of the Church. After the battle of Poitiers King John of France resided as a prisoner in the Abbey. The town figured in the Wars of the Roses, when it was plundered, and it also suffered at the hands of its own populace in the

went on for centuries to supply the requirements of the flourishing town that rose upon its ruins, and the successive abbots who enlarged and beautified the monastery. Mr. Ashdown, who resides on the spot, thinks it probable that the greater part of ancient *Verulamium* still remains covered up.

The authors of the present volume do not pretend that their work is an exhaustive account of the ancient town it

as seventy-two coaches passed through St. Albans each day. Mr. Kitton's views are of great interest and beauty, and are selected with excellent judgment. His drawings in the



ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY FROM THE NORTH-EAST, AS RESTORED BY LORD GRIMTHORPE.



HOLYWELL HILL.



THE "GEORGE" YARD.

turbulent days of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. Finally, at the Reformation, the monastery was demolished, except the great gateway, which is now the Grammar School.

The Abbey, purchased by the inhabitants for £400, was made the parish church. It has lately been restored by Lord Grimthorpe, and is now the seat of a bishopric.

The meagre remains of the Roman city are accounted for by the constant spoliation and removal of materials that

describes. In their separate capacities of writer and artist they prefer to deal only with what is picturesque and interesting from historical associations, leaving to others the more serious labours of the antiquary and topographer. The result is a sumptuous volume containing more than one hundred illustrations of the famous Abbey and its surroundings; also some reproductions of curious old prints representing parts of the town in the old coaching days, when as many

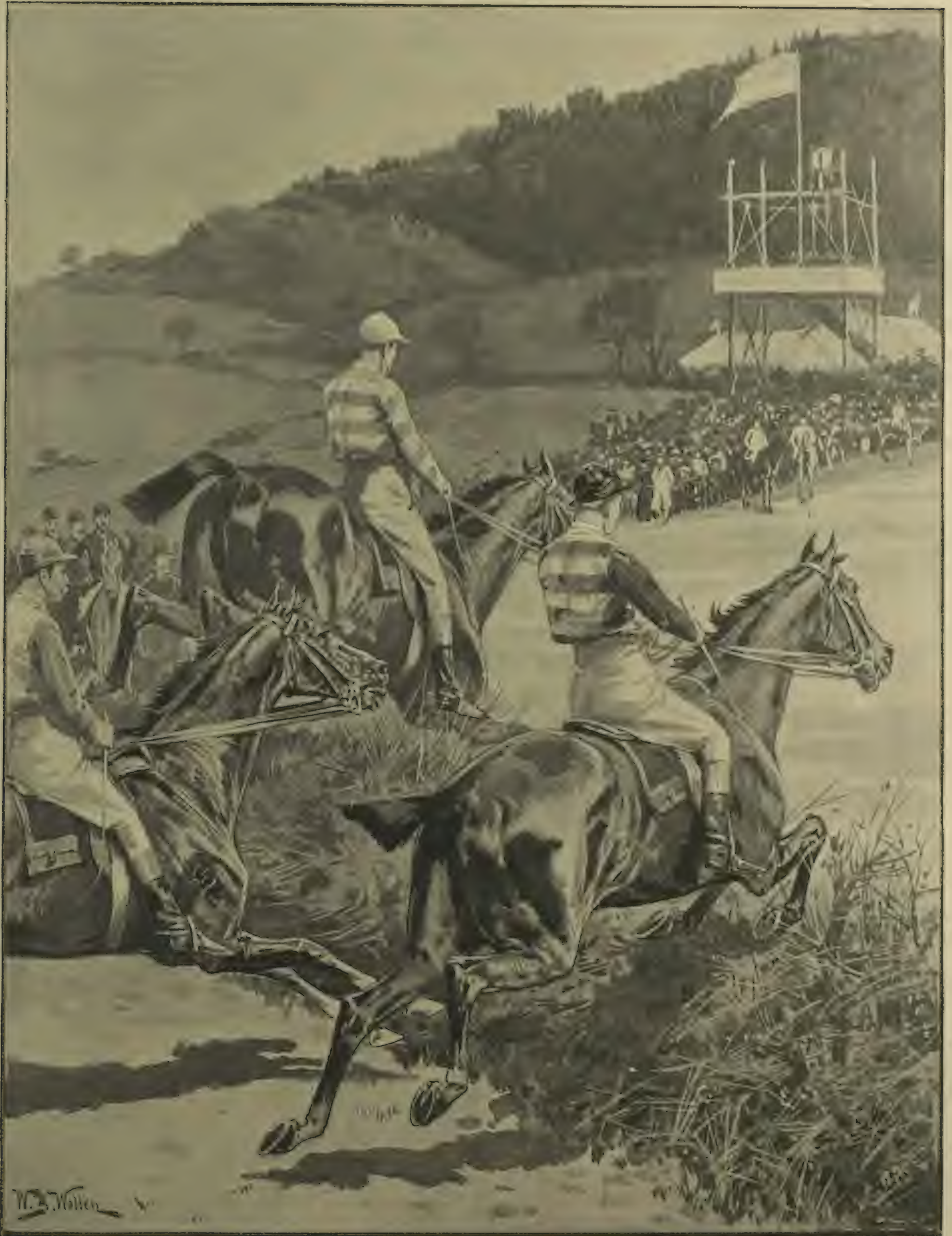
Abbey—such as the shrine of St. Alban and the high-altar screen—are first rate, while his sketches of old buildings in and about the town are equally good. The text displays an amount of industry and research that fully attest the writer's enthusiasm for his subject. Both from an artistic and literary point of view the book is a valuable record of one of the oldest and most interesting towns in the kingdom, and will be prized alike by the artist and the antiquary.



WEST DOORWAY, ST. PETER'S CHURCH.



GATEWAY OF THE MONASTERY.



THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT RACES IN BELVOIR VALE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

LITERATURE.

DEAN STANLEY'S LIFE.

BY THE REV. CANON LUCKWORTH.

The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster. By Rowland E. Prothero, M.A. (John Murray.)—The long-expected Life of the late Dean of Westminster has at length been given to the world. Its appearance has been delayed by the successive deaths of two of his oldest friends, to whom, one after the other, the biography had been confided. The copious materials accumulated by them passed into the hands of Dr. Bradley, the Dean's pupil, friend, and successor, who seemed to be designated by an intimacy of forty years as well as by his official position to complete the task which Canon Pearson and Mr. Theodore Walrond had begun. But he, too, had to resign the undertaking under the pressure of distracting duties, which increasing years rendered more onerous, and, after making considerable progress with it, handed it over to Mr. Rowland Prothero, confining himself to a general superintendence of the work and to the contribution of an introductory sketch, which is a model of tasteful and graphic description. The chapters treating of Dean Stanley's early years, which Dean Bradley had written, have been abridged by Mr. Prothero, and form nearly half of the first volume.

The biographer has executed his task with admirable judgment and rare literary skill. Associated, through his father, Canon Prothero, with the Chapter of Westminster, he has had the advantage of personal communication with Dean Stanley's relatives and friends, and has also had access to the immense mass of his letters, dating from earliest boyhood, which have happily been preserved by his family and his countless correspondents, as if with a presentiment that they would one day serve to illustrate a noble life and character. Mr. Prothero has thus been enabled to supplement his own youthful reminiscences, and to produce a work of which it is not too much to say that the fascinating personality of Arthur Stanley moves and breathes in every page. The selection from the letters is very judicious. It cannot have been easy, for from his childhood the late Dean was the most prolific of correspondents, and we are assured that the extant letters are so numerous, so excellent in style, and so interesting in matter as to be worthy of publication with hardly an exception. They would furnish, indeed, a commentary from the keenest of observers and most picturesque of narrators on all the chief events and controversies in Church and State which have chequered the history of fifty years.

If Dean Stanley was one of the most remarkable, he was also one of the most fortunate men of our time. No clergyman, and probably no layman, of the century has lived a fuller or more interesting life. Of noble lineage, singularly gifted in intellect and temperament, blest with ample means, and educated under the happiest auspices, he was marked out from the first for a brilliant career. His father, Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was a man of strong character and cultivated tastes, the life and soul, not only of his home, but of his parish and his diocese. To him, we are told, Arthur Stanley owed his energy, his high sense of duty, his interest in public questions, and his liberal opinions both in politics and theology. His mother is described as the ideal mother for her gifted son, and from her "porcelain understanding," delicate perceptions, liveliness of mind, quickness of thought, and methods of studying subjects that interested her, by collecting rays of light from every quarter, he inherited some of his most characteristic gifts. And if he was fortunate as a son, he was no less fortunate as a husband. It has been truly said of the partner of his best days, Lady Augusta Stanley, that she "united the warm heart of a woman to the instinct of a statesman." The confidential friend of her Queen, she was the equally loved and trusted friend of the poor, the wisest of counsellors, the most gracious of hostesses. When death parted him from this incomparable wife—

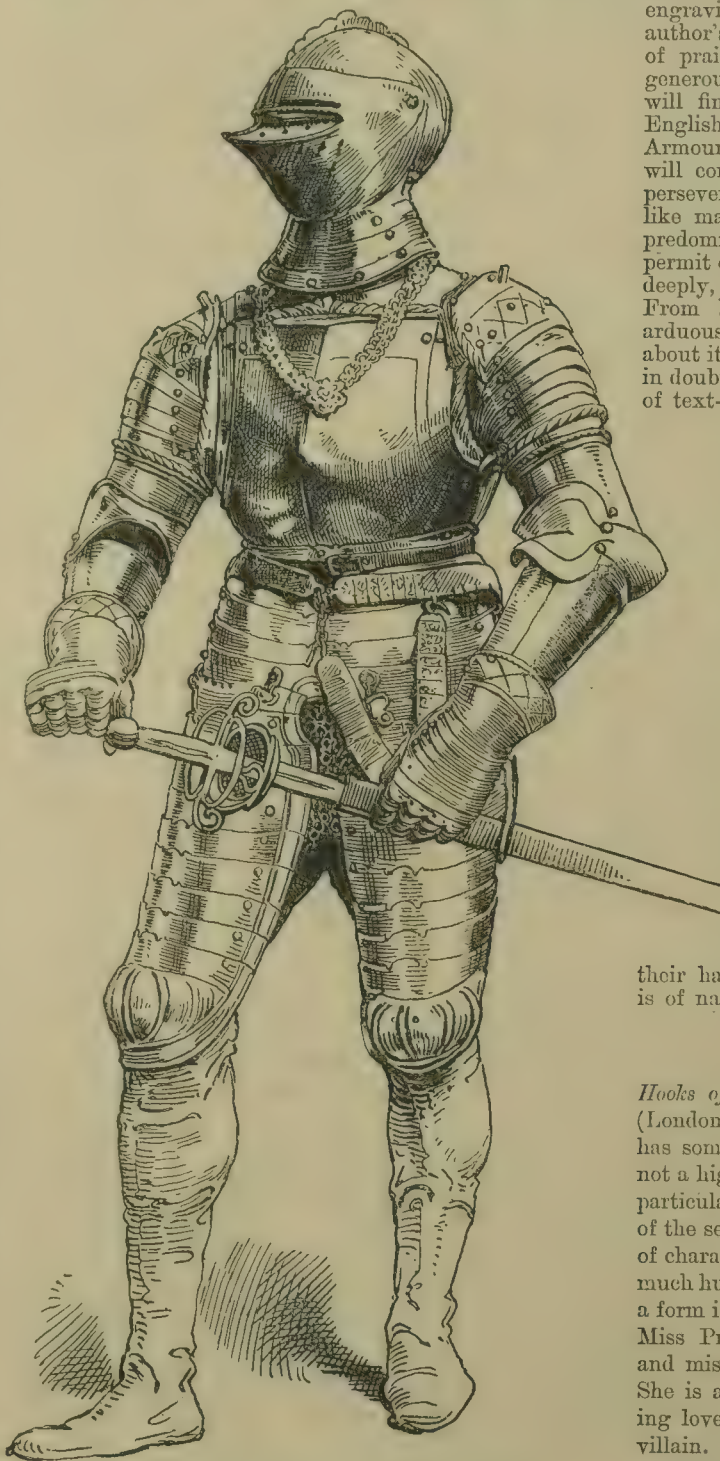
Whose smile had made the dark world bright,
Whose love had made all duty light,

Stanley "could find no fitter words in which to describe her supporting love than that 'her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience.'"

It can be truly said of Dean Stanley that "the child was father to the man." Some peculiarities and tastes of his early youth, it is true, disappeared. But as a child he exhibited the same mental and moral characteristics which distinguished him all through life—an intense interest in the history of the past and the present, a deep love of theological study, a restless curiosity, an insatiable appetite for literature, a fearless sincerity, an indomitable industry, an invincible courage. At the preparatory school at Seaford; at Rugby, under his idolised master, Dr. Arnold; at Balliol, as an undergraduate; at University, as a Fellow and Tutor; at Canterbury; at Oxford, again, as Regius Professor; at Westminster, the scene of his most public and memorable labours, he is pictured to us as essentially the same—the earnest, vivacious student, the indefatigable traveller and sightseer, the chivalrous champion of the less popular cause, the inflexible opponent of everything that savoured of oppression or intolerance. His precocious genius fulfilled all its early promise. And surely never was any man less uplifted by distinction or less spoiled by success. Court favour never turned his head. He was always simple to

the last degree in his life, genial and accessible, and quite unsparing of himself when he saw his way to serving the humblest of his friends. He seemed to get through an enormous amount of literary and other labour without friction, and rarely was he known to resent an interruption. What friend or acquaintance can forget the readiness with which, even in his busiest hour, he welcomed a visitor, laying down his pen in the middle of a sentence, and, with a radiant smile, giving himself wholly to the intruder?

It is quite true that this bright, expansive life had its less happy side, for a great part of the Dean's career was emphatically militant. At Oxford and at Westminster he belonged to a struggling minority, for he was the acknowledged leader of the Broad Church party in the Church of England, and his ruling ambition was to make that Church the largest and most comprehensive possible without sacrifice of essential Christian truth. His attachment to the Establishment was profound. He valued the union of Church and State as "a combination which, with all its shortcomings, exhibits one of the noblest works which God's providence through a long course of ages has raised up in Europe." He valued it as the strongest guarantee of that religious toleration which was so dear to his heart, as a security for the healthiest religious growth



SUIT OF ARMOUR OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

and the largest religious freedom. Rushing fearlessly into the fray to do battle with all who, as he thought, strove to narrow the Church by tests and definitions or by prosecutions for heresy, he threw his shield again and again over the suspected and the unorthodox, even over those who, like Bishop Cosens, held opinions far more advanced than his own. And yet, with all his pugnacity, he was the most considerate and charitable of combatants. He was charming even in his fiercest onslaughts. If he broke heads, it was with "precious balms." He might be dreaded, but he was never hated, for his geniality was irresistible and his innate sweetness disarmed dislike. One of his episcopal opponents used to speak of him as that "dear little heretic." Nothing gave Stanley intense pleasure than to gather under his hospitable roof men of all schools and opinions, and to run to and fro among them, gaily greeting the members of his "happy family," and making all forget, for one evening at least, their watchwords and their battle-cries. Under his eye the lion and the lamb lay down together. The Agnostic fraternised pleasantly with the Ritualist, and the Romish prelate chatted at his ease with the pastor of "Little Bethel."

It was indeed a wonderful personality, the like of which we cannot expect to see again. To those who love to watch the workings of a singularly beautiful mind and nature, and to study its influence upon the society of our time, we can heartily recommend Mr. Prothero's well-filled volumes.

ARMS AND ARMOUR.

Ancient Arms and Armour. By Edwin J. Brett. (London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)—The author in his preface says: "From youth upwards, I have had a passionate admiration for the marvellous skill of the armourer of the Dark and Middle Ages, and have been a diligent student of history, loving legendary lore, and treasuring up recollections of the Crusades, and the numerous wars that followed them." The outcome of this admiration has been a matchless collection of arms and armour stored up at Mr. Brett's town and country houses, and the production of a truly magnificent work.

In a quarto of 650 pages, embellished with 1200 engravings, the author has given us the origin of chivalry, and the knight as he appeared in the hey-day of his glory, glittering in his costly armour of steel inlaid with gold, with plumed crest and visored helmet. As we turn over the vermilion-bordered pages, and note that every initial bears a pictorial design applicable to the text following, the artistic head and tail pieces, and pore over 133 plates, embracing upwards of a thousand engravings, all of which were specially drawn from the author's great collection, we have no thought or word but of praise for the gentleman who has unselfishly and generously given to all lovers of chivalry a book which will find a welcome in the library of many a stately English home. The production of "Ancient Arms and Armour" is in itself a chivalrous act, for a single glance will convince the reader that neither money, time, nor perseverance has been spared; and Mr. Brett, who, like many others, believes that the spirit of chivalry is predominant in English hearts, albeit the age does not permit of outward show, has not only studied his subject deeply, but has travelled extensively for his experience. From beginning to end the task must have been an arduous one. With a clear, vigorous brain Mr. Brett set about it, and never in one instance has he left the reader in doubt, which is more than can be said of many writers of text-books. A few well chosen words accompanied by

illustrations make "every man his own armourer." One page alone amply explains what taces, tassets, pauldrons, rerebraces, coudières, vambraces, cuisses, jambières, sollerets, vamplates, &c., are, their purposes, and how they were worn by men who have long since become dust, but who left almost imperishable relics, and indisputable proofs of how our forefathers sallied forth to repel the foe, or rode to the tourney to engage in mimic warfare. A contemporary speaks of Mr. Brett's work as "a grand book of armour," and grows more and more eloquent in the description thereof. It must suffice us to say that the paper, type, printing, and binding are of the very finest. "Ancient Arms and Armour" is an exhaustive work; it teems with information which the student of olden times may well delight in, and the descendants of men who gave their lives for their country's good and in the cause of chivalry may peruse it with pardonable pride. A limited number of copies of the work has been printed, and such as are fortunate enough to possess it will have to their hands a book which, without flattery to the author, is of national importance.

HOOKS OF STEEL.

Hooks of Steel. By Helen Prothero-Lewis. Three vols. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)—Miss Prothero-Lewis has some good qualities. "Hooks of Steel" is, perhaps, not a highly finished specimen of a novel; the plot is not particularly strong, and it has almost given out at the end of the second volume; but there are two or three sketches of character of an excellence quite above the common, and much humour. The story takes the autobiographical form—a form in which it is not easy to be quite convincing; but Miss Prothero-Lewis's heroine narrates her adventures and misadventures in a spirit of praiseworthy candour. She is an engaging girl, who behaves badly to a charming lover, and is cruelly deceived by a most transparent villain. The lover and the villain approach the conventional, but there is nothing conventional about the mad uncle, with whom the young lady goes to live after a rather turbulent career at a shabby boarding school. The uncle lives in a cottage, which he calls a castle, on the edge of a common, which he believes to be his private property. He is rich, but fancies that all his money goes in planting and adorning the common; and the butler Matthew (also a very lifelike sketch) has to be always telling ingenious lies to keep his master's table properly supplied. Here is a dinner-table episode on the night of the niece's arrival: "'Yes; you are poor, very poor' he said at length, darting to the sideboard, and fetching thence a decanter. 'But you have kind and grateful friends for all that. Here!' putting down the decanter on the table with a flourish—'here is a bottle of '47 port, most beautiful '47 port.' My uncle raised his head quickly with a dawning smile. 'Eh? '47 port? Where did that come from?' 'Sent this morning, Sir,' said Matthew, without a shadow of hesitation. 'Sent by the invalid lady, with best thanks to you for so kindly allowing her to come on the common with her donkey and bath-chair.' 'Oh, indeed! very proper of her, very proper feeling indeed. Tell her she may come again to-morrow. It's beautiful port,' &c. In such scenes the tears are not far from the smiles, and throughout the book the humour and the pathos of the uncle's malady are very skilfully brought together. An indulgent reader will be disposed to think that her crazy environment in the 'castle' excused in a little measure the flightiness of the young lady's behaviour; she was certainly not without reason for the doubts that began to assail her respecting her own sanity.

THE DUTIES OF AUTHORS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The first duty of an author, as understood by the public, is to be at everybody's beck and call. He combines, with a dozen other unpaid duties, that of an unpaid editor of Answers to Correspondents. He is asked questions about everything. "I possess," writes a correspondent, "a copy in folio of Jugginus Jugginensis, 'De Nidis Equarum,' Lutetiae, MDLI., which I forward for your inspection. Will you kindly examine it, and return it, registered, informing me of its market value, and indicating my best market for this rare and interesting work?" Then comes in neat-handed Phyllis, staggering under the weight of Jugginus Jugginensis. What can anyone do with such a correspondent? His abominable book has no value except as third-rate waste-paper. To send it back unstamped gives a great deal of trouble. Often he only sends a rough copy of the title-page of his fancied treasure. Even so, he imposes a tax of one penny and some time on the miserable

Well, his inner wrapper, stamped (probably with American stamps), *non est inventus*, like *ille sicarius*. It will be necessary for him to buy another copy of the precious volume or to do without. "I'll larn him to be a toad." This sort is very common; he often wants a piece of verse, or the like, to decorate a book which may or may not have been pirated. Next, a lady (American) vows that she is collecting the British author's magazine articles on "Historical Impostors," and beseeches him to send her a manuscript preface to this delightful assortment. Is it not a plausible request? Is it not likely that the British author will sit down and turn out an essay, all to please the *beaux yeux* which he has never seen? But none of them ever seem to reflect on the tedious impertinence of their demands. Why they want the things which they say they want is a deep, insoluble mystery. But they all want anything that may possibly be got by asking for it. Many of them want to come and see a man—anyone will do—and then to write about his cat, his crockery, his cold in the head. But that kind of drivel has a market

the authors send their wares to the proper merchants. If these professional dealers do not want the wares, it is because the wares are, to them, worthless. Instead of taking the obvious steps, people write from Jamaica or New Zealand to a busy private person, a stranger, sending their voluminous manuscripts, and asking him to hawk them about the market. Again, they know that they fail, but they send their manuscripts, and ask a stranger *why* they fail, and what they are to do if they would succeed. They fail because they are mediocre, dull, uninteresting, unoriginal; but it is not agreeable to tell each of them this truth, nor do they believe it when it is imparted to them.

Even these weary beings might "tak' thocht and mend." They are a million. Every member of that million has as much right as any other to make raids on our time, temper, and postage stamps. Even the stupidest amateur must see that if anyone enters on the career of unpaid adviser and middleman to amateurs his whole time will be occupied in reading, reporting on, and returning their rubbish. For it is *always* rubbish. No beginner



WAPITI DEER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—BY W. RIXON.

"Big Game of America," at the Burlington Gallery, New Bond Street.

author, who informs him that his book is worth fourpence-farthing at the outside. These people always want to make money out of the sweepings of the twopenny box. They always think that every author is an amateur valuator of trumpery. They do not treat doctors and lawyers in this way.

The Autograph Idiot we have always with us. Sometimes he writes from the United States, and says, "Write with a bimetallic zinco-bronze pen"; repeating it on his envelope, "Write with a bimetallic zinco-bronze pen," as if that article grew on every bush! What business has he to dictate about our pens? His one object is to get autographs for nothing and sell them to still greater donkeys than himself for a quarter of a dollar. There is a worse sort than even this: he writes as follows (I only conceal his name, but he is a Ph.D. and a Head Master, unless one of the boys has written on his paper and forged his name)—

"DEAR SIR,—I venture to mail you with this my copy of your work on Cockfighting, with the hope that you will be willing to write on a fly-leaf your name and the date (and, I hope, a word more?). I assure you that it will be a very great favor to me if you will do this. I have enclosed it in an inner wrapper, properly addressed and stamped for return, so as to give you the least possible trouble about it.

value. They are writing, I read in that agreeable journal the *Bookman*, to ask authors the story of their first watches! After a checkered career as a ball in games of catches, my first watch got a bumpy one from a fast bowler which drove the case into the works, and there was an end of him. That is the kind of thing which an intelligent public pines for in the United States, and it is not much better here. Remarks on our earliest razors or first long frock will be asked for next from men and women of letters. But the people who read these confessions do not read the books of the confessors.

The author, of course, is expected to act as literary adviser and literary agent to all humanity. The absurdity of this prevalent delusion might really present itself even to the amateur. There are a million, at least, of poets, novelists, essayists, humorists, philosophers, in these islands. All want to be printed, and to be paid. Now, to meet this demand, Nature has supplied great editors and publishers. These active and intelligent men are simply pining for what the others, the authors, are anxious to give or sell. Nothing, then, can be more obvious than that the authors should go to seek the editors and publishers who cannot go to seek them. Let

of taste or talent is so stupid as to be intrusive. Young Coleridges and Keatses do not forward "Lamias" and "Ancient Mariners" to strangers, with a demand for an opinion. If they did, the man of letters of all work would be an enviable person. His time is occupied by the attentions, the unavailing attentions, of the common, steadfast dunce.

Another popular delusion is that every contributor to periodicals can at once get all the sons of his friends' friends into newspaper offices and publishers' establishments, or place them on editorial staffs. Oh! the hours occupied in telling the friends and others that this *cannot* be done! You might as well ask a man with an account at a bank to get all your imbecile nephews made bank directors. The one task is as easy as the other. If there does happen to be a vacancy anywhere, is it likely that a business man, an editor, a manager, a publisher, will give it to the son of a friend of someone who has an acquaintance with a contributor to the business man's magazine or newspaper? Why should he? Besides, there is never a vacancy: *Uno avulso non deficit alter*. The public is an unreflecting mass of individuals, and all this wisdom will be thrown away on amateur authors and parents and guardians.



LEVÉE HELD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

Prince Henry the Navigator, the fourth centenary of whose birth was celebrated with great rejoicings at Oporto and by the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, March 5, was born at Oporto on March 4, 1394. His father, King John I. of Portugal, surnamed "of good memory," had, in 1385, freed his countrymen from fear of invasion on the side of Spain, by winning, with the aid of 500 Englishmen, the great victory of Aljubarrota. The King formed a close alliance with England, and married an English wife, Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and thoroughly English on her mother's side. They had five sons and one daughter, who became Duchess of Burgundy.

Prince Henry was the third son. The King had determined to attack Ceuta, the most important seaport on the Moorish coast, and just as the expedition was sailing, in July 1415, the Queen was seized with a fatal illness, and died after preparing three swords for her three sons, when they should receive the honour of knighthood. Young Henry won his spurs at Ceuta, and very soon afterwards he turned his attention to the work to which he devoted all the energies of his life. It was in about 1418 that he became wholly absorbed in plans for the improvement of navigation and for the discovery of the still unknown coasts of Africa and of the sea route thence to India. His father made him Governor of Algarve and Grand Master of the Order of Christ, and it was by the wise use he made of the funds of that wealthy and powerful order that he was enabled to send forth expedition after expedition of discovery from the little seaport of Lagos in Algarve. In order to be near his work, the Prince fixed his abode on the lonely promontory of Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, and only a few miles from Lagos. He was twenty-four years of age when he came to live at this secluded spot in December 1418, and he died there in his sixty-seventh year. There, with the vast Atlantic stretching mysterious before him, he devoted himself to the study of mathematics and navigation. He established a school at Sagres for the cultivation of map-drawing and nautical astronomy, and erected an observatory. He had around him chamberlains, knights, esquires, and pages, forming a numerous household; and the way to his favour was the laying to heart of his motto, "*Talent de bien faire*" (the desire to do well). His household, young and old, had to study navigation. They must be bold and expert seamen, and his most favoured courtiers were the most able and zealous discoverers. His house was a great training college.

When Prince Henry began to send forth expeditions along the coast of Africa, the farthest point to the southward that had been sighted was Cape Bojador. After Madeira and Porto Santo had been rediscovered, Prince Henry considered that the time had come for rounding the formidable Cape Bojador. Selecting an esquire of his household named Gil Eannes, and an experienced seaman of Lagos named John Diaz, he sent them forth in a well-found caravel, in 1434, ordering them to stand out boldly to sea so as to avoid the inshore current, and to round the cape. They did so, and landed on the other side. The Prince then equipped larger vessels and continued to despatch them year after year. In 1436 his cupbearer, Alfonso Baldaya, reached the Rio d'Ouro; but during the next five years Prince Henry was much absorbed in State affairs. The disastrous expedition to Tangiers took place, when his brother Fernando was given up as a hostage, and died from cruel treatment at Fez. But in 1441 Prince Henry was again able to resume the despatch of vessels of discovery. Nuño Tristram reached Cape Blanco and the island of Arquin, which became an important centre of trade, and where a fort was built. In 1446, Dinis Diaz

passed the mouth of the river Senegal, and reached Cape Verde. Many vessels went out from Lagos during the following years, and in 1455 the Prince employed a noble young Venetian named Ca da Mosto to conduct an expedition. This explorer passed the Gambia, and reached the mouth of the Rio Grande, the extreme point attained in Prince Henry's lifetime.

But these voyages in his own time were but a small part

Chronicle of Azurara. But there is a fine statue in a niche over the side door of the church of Belem at Lisbon. This statue, with the bold intelligent countenance, stalwart frame, firm-set foot, and hearty grip of a formidable two-handed sword, brings vividly before us the type of royalty of those days.

The character of the illustrious Prince is chiefly to be admired because he worked so hard and with such thoroughness, having ever

before his mind his favourite motto, "*Talent de bien faire*."

Nothing could dishearten him or turn him from his purpose. Yet he never blamed his people for not succeeding, so long as they acted up to his motto, and did their best. The love and reverence they bore him made them exert themselves to the uttermost, and history groups around him a most noble company of explorers. Prince Henry's own personality appears in the centre, as the organiser and inspirer of discovery, the true creator of this school of gallant seamen, their leader and captain. It needed the combination of many high qualities to produce such a character, and the old chronicler Azurara may well exclaim, "I know not where to look for a Prince like this one."

His unflinching hope as expedition after

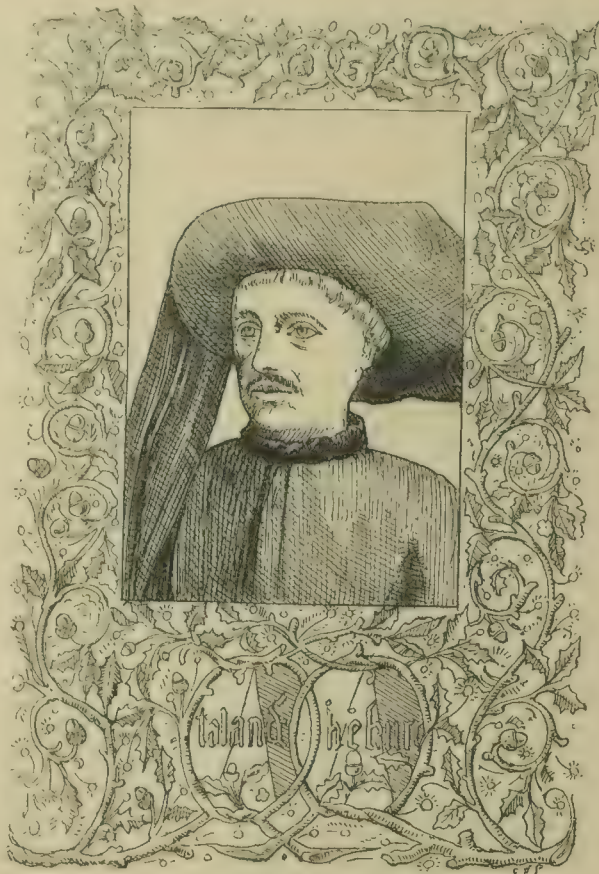
expedition was despatched and returned with only partial success, his generous recognition of his sailors' efforts, his self-sacrifice to procure the means of re-equipping them, are as remarkable as the faith and zeal which led his officers to launch forth on that stormy Atlantic in small vessels and with such limited means. It is a stirring history, and a magnificent picture; and well may Portugal dwell with pride on the noble examples set by her great Prince and his gallant sailors.

But Prince Henry, though a true and loyal Portuguese, was half an Englishman, while his grand work is the inheritance of the whole civilised world. The Portuguese do well to celebrate the festival of his birth; and our own Geographical Society also did well in calling a special meeting to celebrate the same event. The spontaneous sympathetic message from the Prince of Wales, the presence of the Duke of York, and the crowded assembly proved that there was no over-estimate of the value set upon the life-work of Prince Henry the Navigator by Englishmen.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

Apart from a dozen works equally divided between the French J. F. Millet and the Dutch A. van Ostade, the Painter-Etchers rest the claims of this, their twelfth exhibition, on their own productions. It would be absurd to say that no one will miss the earlier masters of an art of which they were the creators; but it is only fair to their modern disciples to say that they have well learnt the lessons taught by their elders. Mr. W. Strang holds among English etchers an altogether exceptional place. His work is always forcible, often very dramatic—as, for instance, in the title-page to "*Death and the Ploughman's Wife*" and the fierce passion depicted in his "*Anarchy*." He can also bring his talents into subjection, and turn them to excellent purpose in portraiture, of which there are several striking examples. Mr. F. Short is more reserved in style and deliberate in his work; but his glimpses of sea and sky are full of truth and grace.

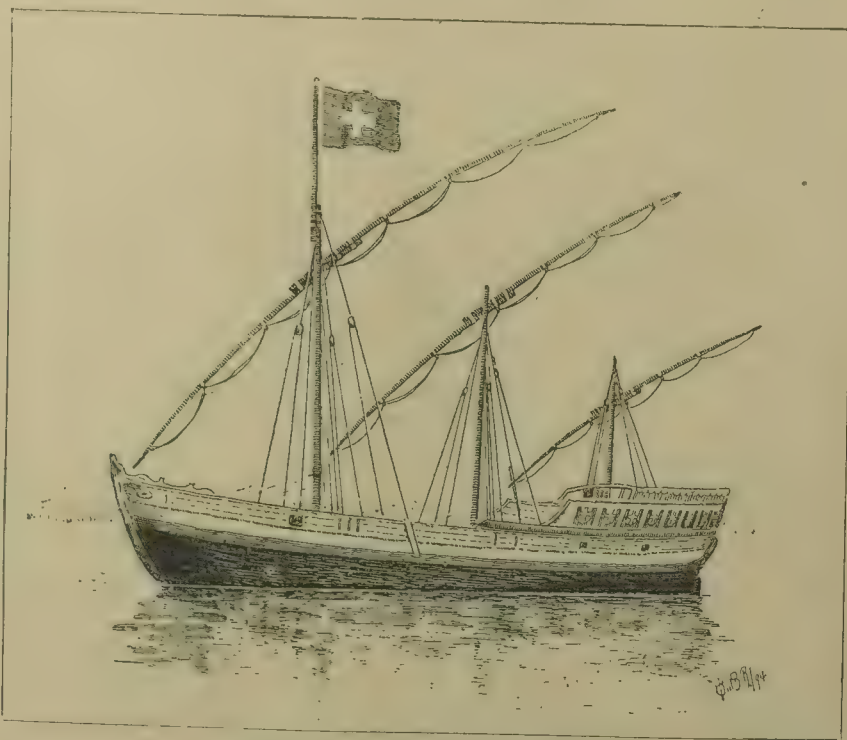
Mr. G. Gascoyne is as thorough an artist as half those who win renown by oil-painting. Of Professor Legros' score of clever and often forcible works, the study of a nude figure (96), pleases us most. Mr. Macbeth Raeburn, Mr. Holroyd, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Hall also sustain the reputation they have earned in this art. Among those who may without reproach be classed among amateurs, Mr. Seymour Haden is represented only by a fragment, but Mr. J. P. Heseltine and Colonel Goff, Mrs. Vereker Hamilton and Miss Constance Pott, show how the true artistic sense puts all men and women, if not on an exact level, at least in sympathy.



PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.



HOUSE AT OPORTO WHERE PRINCE HENRY WAS BORN, 1394.



CARAVEL OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Prince Henry died at Sagres on Nov. 13, 1460, and was buried in the beautiful founder's chapel of the magnificent Cathedral of Batalha, with his father and mother and three of his brothers. A stone effigy of the Prince lies on the tomb, with the head protected by a richly carved canopy; and on the side are the arms of Portugal, the cross of the Order of Christ, and the cross of the English Order of the Garter, of which the Prince was a Knight Companion, in the centre.

The only authentic portrait of the princely navigator is a miniature found in the ancient manuscript of the



H. B. COTTON (Bow).



M. C. PILKINGTON.



W. B. STEWART.

DARK BLUES



J. A. MORRISON.



C. M. PITMAN (Stroke).



E. G. TEW.



T. H. E. STRETCH.



W. E. CRUM.



L. PORTMAN (Coxswain).



A. H. FINCH (Bow).



N. W. PAINE.



SIR C. ROSS.

LIGHT BLUE



H. M. BLAND.



T. G. LEWIS (Stroke).



L. A. E. OLLIVANT.

OF CAM



C. T. FOGG-ELLIOT.



R. O. KERRISON.



F. C. BEGG (Coxswain).



THE ISLE OF PHILÆ.

THE ISLE AND TEMPLE OF PHILÆ, ON THE UPPER NILE.

The complaint, which was more prevalent half a century ago than it is now, against the utilitarian spirit of the age, and its ruthless disregard of romantic associations, will probably be renewed, with some apparent provocation, if the Egyptian Public Works Department should finally decide on executing the scheme recommended by eminent official engineers for the construction of an irrigation reservoir by erecting a dam across the Nile at Assouan, thereby submerging the famous little isle of Philæ, with its interesting architectural remains, and destroying the most beautiful scenery, from the picturesque point of view, that tourists in Egypt can find.

It is to be hoped that the special commission of three competent advising engineers, one English, one French, and one Italian, recently sent to examine this question at Assouan, will devise some plan, equally well calculated to provide a sufficient water-supply for the agriculture of Upper Egypt without inundating Philæ; but although the sentiment which demands its preservation as a matter of taste is a creditable token of mental refinement, the existing ruins are not of such sublime antiquity or of such unique monumental character as the stupendous edifices of the Pharaohs. The temple at Philæ was dedicated, indeed, to the worship of Isis and Osiris, two of the principal deities of the older Egyptian mythology, but is a structure of much later date—little more than two thousand years ago—mainly the work of those Macedonian conquerors who ruled Egypt from 323 B.C. until the Roman conquest under Augustus Cæsar, but completed afterwards by the orders of Roman Emperors since the Christian era. It was the policy of those rulers to conciliate the Egyptian priesthood and their adherents by supporting the native religious institutions; and it was the fashion among Greeks of the Alexandrian period, and subsequently among Romans who affected foreign learning, to profess reverence for the occult doctrine which they imagined to underlie the traditions of ancient Egypt. Dilettante patronage, therefore, not the genuine belief of a pristine age, was the motive of those who built this elegant temple, very much as if the British Government of India, prompted by enthusiastic students of Orientalist lore, had

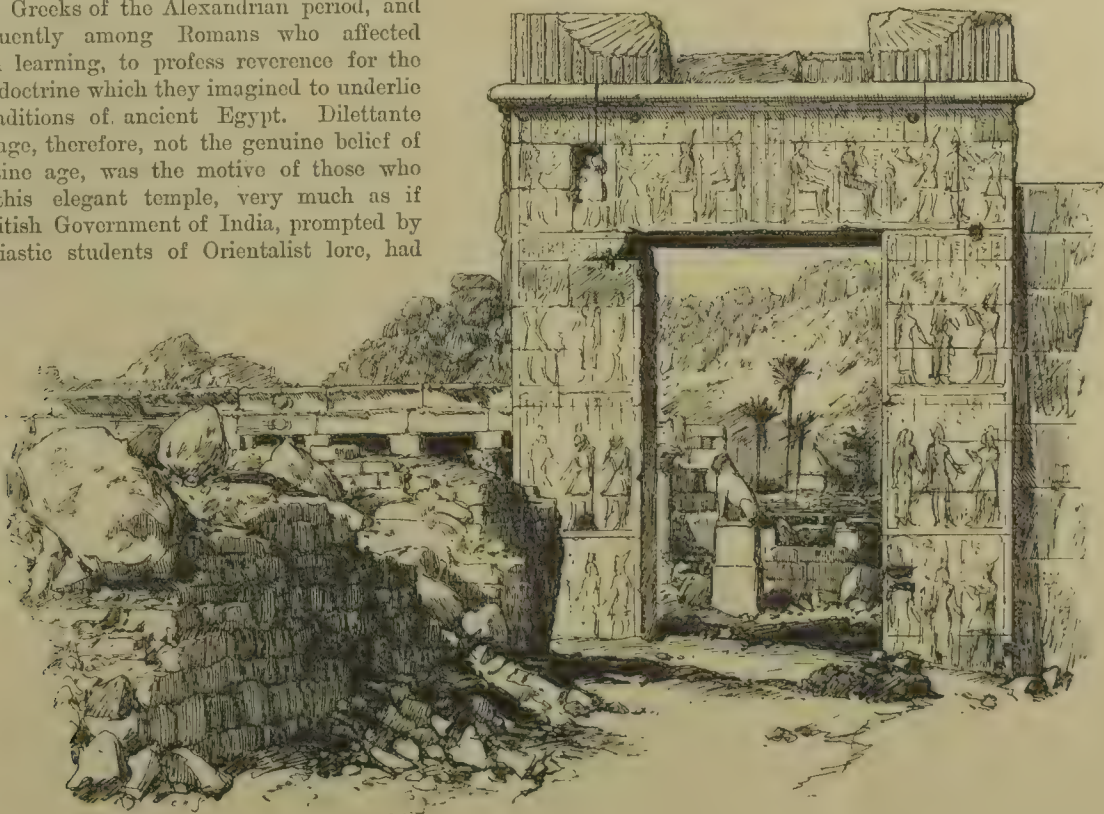


COLONNADE AT PHILÆ.

264 B.C. to 221 B.C., and Ptolemy Epiphanes, who died in 180 B.C., continued the building, and the Roman colonnade was perhaps added by Tiberius Cæsar. The actual temple, at the north end, is adorned with figures representing the story of Osiris and Isis; and there is a small chapel, with a portico, above the four columns of which are sculptured faces of the goddess Athor. Without disparaging the architecture, it may be said that many finer examples of the Classical style are to be seen in other countries, and the material here used is not marble, but a kind of sandstone. Philæ owes its charm more to its situation and its surroundings, with the contrast between hard rock and luxuriant vegetation, and with the presence of a mighty river, than to its ruined temple buildings; yet we cannot wish that these should be swept away, though irrigation is a good work.

At the Australasian Postal Conference at Wellington, New Zealand, on March 8, the resolution in favour of a guarantee for a new Pacific telegraph cable was adopted, the representatives of South Australia and West Australia declining to vote.

Anarchist dynamite outrages are ubiquitous, and Rome, the capital of Italy, was treated with one of the current fashion, on March 8, when a bomb was exploded in the Piazza Monte Citorio, outside the Chamber of Deputies, an hour after the sitting was adjourned. The windows were smashed, and five persons who were passing at the time were injured, of whom one died. Among the Anarchists lately arrested in Paris is the father of Martial Bourdin, who blew himself up in Greenwich Park.



ARCHWAY AT PHILÆ.

RECENT AFFAIRS IN MATABILILAND.

Buluwayo lies in the open, undulating country which stretches for a long distance northwards from the Matoppo Hills, where they run almost east and west, and which is for the most part covered with thick scrub, though for some distance round the kraal itself the bush has been almost entirely cut away. The Zulu conquerors knew thoroughly the value of the land they settled on, for they could hardly have chosen a better piece of land for combined stock-raising and agriculture. The country is high and healthy, the soil is rich, and the grass is for the most part short and sweet.

It is, I think, generally believed in England that Lo Bengula was in Buluwayo when the war broke out, but as a matter of fact, since the big dance in February, which is, of course, held in the large open space in the kraal, the King had stayed at Inkonyama, a small kraal about four miles to the north. It is only right that the King should get full credit for what he did immediately after the outbreak of the war. He sent messages to the white people then in Matabililand informing them what had happened, and telling them at the same time that they could leave the country whenever they wished. This notice was taken advantage of by everyone with the exception of Mr. J. Fairbairn and Mr. Usher. Mr. Fairbairn had been living and trading in Matabililand for about twenty-three years; he was a personal friend of the King, and understood thoroughly the character, customs, and language of the natives; Mr. Usher had been nine years in the country, and spoke the language with great fluency.

On Oct. 23—two days before the first of our fights on the Shangani River—the King left Inkonyama and went to another of his kraals, Intutwin, about ten miles to the north, and it was there that he heard of his first reverse. From Intutwin he went to Shiloh, about twenty-two miles from Buluwayo, and from there he trekked almost due north, and it was at one of his camps on the Shangani River during his retreat that the disaster happened to Major Wilson.

I do not think the King would ever have attempted the passage of the Zambesi River; the handful of men with him would hardly have been able to gain a foothold north of the river; besides this, it would have been necessary to part with his cattle had he decided on this step, and this is what a Matabili will not do. He might, by attempting the crossing close to the Victoria Falls, where the "fly" belt narrows down to a thread, have got the majority of his cattle over, but the risk even then would have been too great, and he would not have led a life of peace even when once established. The chances were greatly in favour of his settling in the inhospitable country south of the belt of tsetse fly which runs all along the southern bank of the Zambesi; there he would probably have stationed himself and waited, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up." The King's death has, I imagine, surprised nobody in Matabililand, for he was not able to stand the fatigue and exposure he could in his young days.

On the first of November—the day of our battle on the Bembisi headwaters—Messrs. Fairbairn and Usher were at Buluwayo, and though they gathered from the natives that the white men were not far off, they could hear nothing definite. About sunset of the same day an induna of the King's, named Schuluhulu, who had been ordered by Lo Bengula to look after the white men, came to Fairbairn and said, "The King has sent me to you with a message. He thanks you for your friendship to him; he is sorry he cannot take care of you any longer, as he must now go away, and he says that from this time you have more to fear from men of your own colour than from men of my colour." Schuluhulu then left and went over to the King's kraal. This assurance of the King as to Fairbairn's safety, though clothed in peculiar language, was meant as a complete guarantee that nothing should happen to him. It may be imagined that Lo Bengula had hard work in restraining his "majaghas" from wiping out the white men. He even threatened one day that should anything belonging to either "Fairben" or "Mapondweno" (Fairbairn and Usher) be touched, he would assegai the offender with his own hand.

At daylight on the second they saw that Schuluhulu had set fire to the "Sikotla," or King's own inner kraal, and during the day cartridges began to explode in the enclosure.

They barricaded and loopholed a small brick room, and waited anxiously. During the day they could see several small parties of natives, but luckily they were not molested. At a quarter to seven that evening the fire in the Sikotla must have reached some hidden store of powder, for a terrible explosion took place, destroying part of the King's brick house, and scattering the burning rubbish far and wide.

Mr. Fairbairn calculated that close upon 400 bags of gunpowder (5 lb. each) must have been blown up then; and that at the second explosion, which took place at 7 a.m. next morning, close on 300 bags more went off—that is, over 3000 lb. of gunpowder and not less than 80,000 rounds of ammunition were destroyed. This made great havoc of the Sikotla, and for some days after we pitched our camp at Buluwayo our men found odd pieces of ivory and enamelled metal-work, charred papers, and scraps of singed cloth lying all over the kraal.

About three hours before the first explosion took place (Nov. 2) our laager was formed about twelve miles from Buluwayo. Shortly after sunset the camp was roused by

talk, men started up, and suddenly the "alarm" rang out, followed by "horses in" and the "double," for a strong body of the enemy had shown themselves on the piece of rising and open ground marked 1 in the accompanying plan. The men snatched up their rifles and bandoliers and took up their positions at once inside the laager. At this moment the enemy charged out of the bush in great force (2, 2, 2). The whole face of the timber appeared to be alive with them; they came on at a run, though stopping occasionally to fire.

The enemy's bullets were dropping thickly into the laager, but the Maxims were chattering away and our individual fire was very heavy, continuous, and well placed. It was evident that they could not stand before this, and after a very determined charge that lasted for close upon half an hour they drew off into the bush.

When the first shots were fired our horses were grazing down by the water nearly two miles and a half away, and it was some time after the commencement of the action that the grazing guards became aware of the attack. They rounded up the horses and brought them at a gallop to the

laager, but, frightened by the heavy firing, the animals galloped straight past the camp and right in the direction of the enemy's attack. For a moment it appeared that the horses were lost, and had it not been for Lance-Corporal Neale (Salisbury Horse), one of the grazing guards, who was doing his utmost, under a heavy fire, to turn them, and for the efforts of Sir John Willoughby, Captain Borrow, and Corporal Nesbitt, the chances were in favour of our losing all our horses, which would have been an irreparable disaster.

The whole attack was most determined, but it is not surprising that the enemy were unable to stand against the terribly heavy fire from the laager. It is now well known how the troops lay for several days at Buluwayo; how the first patrol was organised in pursuit of the King, who was then supposed to be at Inyati, and the doings of this party and their ultimate return to Shiloh; and how the second patrol was formed there, which ended in the loss of the gallant Major Wilson's party and Major Forbes's famous march back to Inyati.

The mission station at Inyati lies about forty-two miles rather east of north from Buluwayo. Old Umziligaas established himself there and built a large kraal, which he named Inyati (the buffalo), while the district was known as Emhlangene (from a Matabili word meaning a seed), which name was in turn derived from the reed-covered marsh under the low hill.

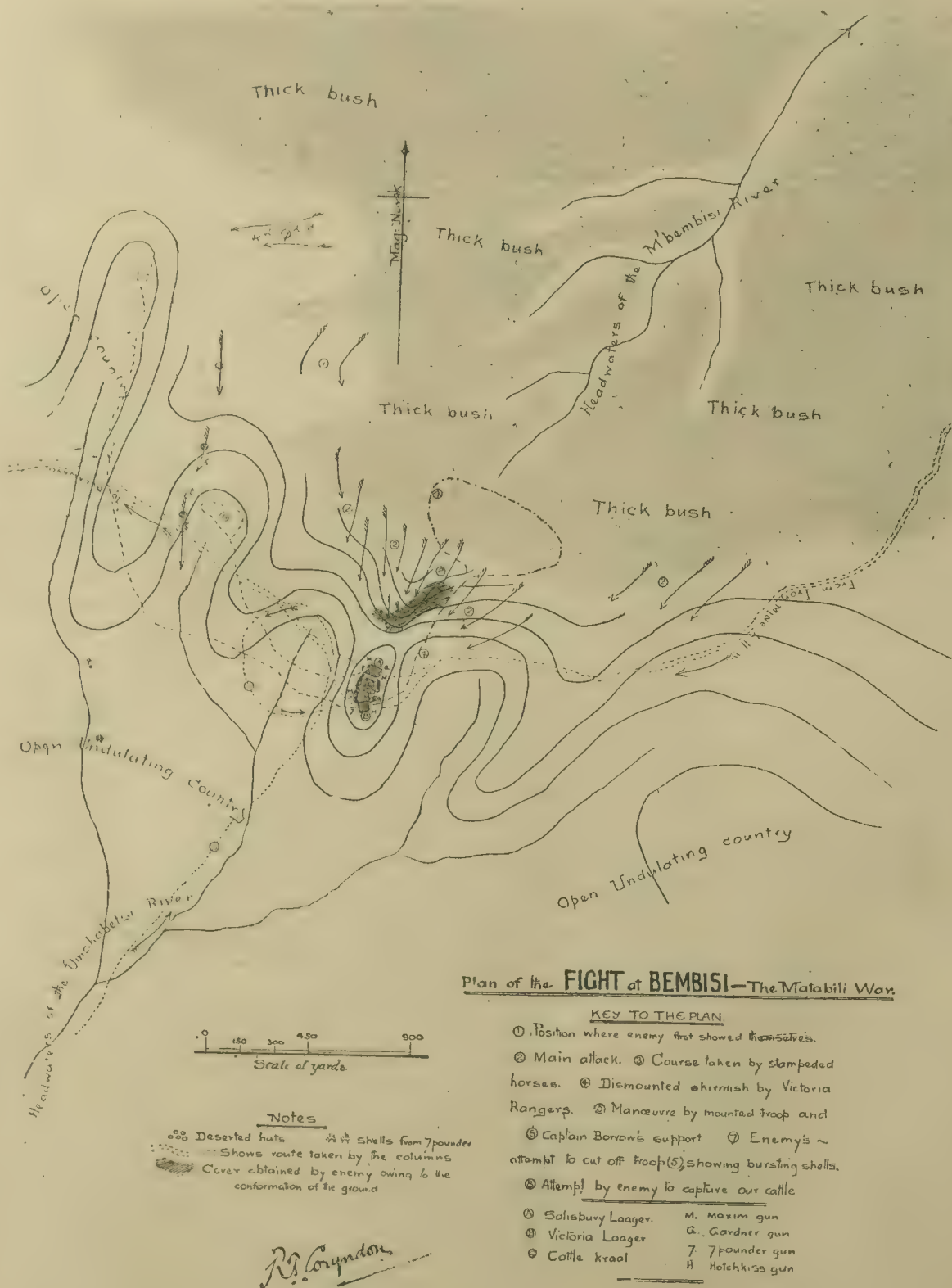
From the southern slope of this hill there juts out a small spur of land, and upon this ridge the Rev. Mr. Elliott built his mission station, and several years later Mr. Rees built a second house within a stone's-throw of the first. These stations are large sun-dried brick buildings, with big rooms and well-thatched roofs; each stands in a walled garden, which contained at one time vines, figs, pomegranates, a few peaches and apricot-trees, and vegetables. We found both these stations in a state of the utmost disorder, the paths

and fences were weed-grown and ragged, and the place generally wore an appearance of neglect and desolation. Inside the houses disorder and chaos reigned supreme. The spiders had grown daring in the long silence, and had built their filmy bridges from blackened ceiling to cracking walls, the doors swung unhinged and creaking, and the broken casements showed how the driving rains had found an easy entrance and had drawn long stained lines from sill to floor.

The roughly dressed troopers swarming in and out of the musty rooms and kicking about ankle-deep among the curiously assorted litter formed a memorable scene. Articles of every description lay about—broken crockery and rusty tools, pieces of an ancient stove and a broken camera, picture-frames and buttons, together with flower seeds, papers, and an old sewing-machine. The natives in looting the place had spared nothing. Bookcases and picture-frames had been torn down, tables and chairs broken, and they had even gone to the length of ripping open the mattresses and scattering the feathers broadcast over the whole house.

The station at Shiloh was even in a more dilapidated state, for the roof had fallen in, and the whole place looked neglected and desolate, though the fires, the picketed horses, and the movement soon made a change in the order of things that had reigned so long.

R. T. CORYNDON.



a sudden red flash that lit the whole of the western sky; the crimson glow hung for a second on the clouds and then died away, and a long time afterwards the distant low boom told us that an explosion of some sort had taken place. Even then we guessed that the King had blown up his powder or ammunition.

The next day was one of suspense to the Europeans in the deserted kraal. Their boys told them that the white men were firing with the big guns, though they themselves could hear nothing, and it was with heartfelt gratitude that at sunset they saw a troop of twenty-five men, roughly dressed and with tired horses, come cantering up to the houses. Next afternoon (Nov. 4), with scraps of bunting flying and accompanied by the querulous drone of the bagpipes, the column marched slowly in and pitched their last laager adjoining Mr. Colenbrander's compound.

Four days before this—that is, Nov. 1, and the day before the Sikotla was set fire to—the battle of Bembisi was fought. It was close upon noon when the column halted and the wagons were drawn up into laager. The position chosen was a very favourable one, and soon the necessary work was done, the horses let go, and the grazing guards had taken up their duty; fires were started, and the men set about getting something to eat. About half an hour after this the camp was roused by a quick hum of

T H E M A T A B I L I W A R.

From Sketches by an Eye-Witness, Mr. C. J. Allen, a Member of the Expeditionary Force.



THE BATTLE OF SHANGANI RIVER, OCT. 25, 1893.



THE BATTLE OF BEMBISI, NOV. 1, 1893.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The position occupied by the Royal Institute may be qualified as nondescript. It aims apparently at establishing no special school of its own, and in this respect falls behind even the Society of British Artists, which on more than one occasion has seemed to be galvanised back to vitality. "Clever commonplace" would probably best describe the mass of the pictures exhibited; and this year the monotony of the members' own style is but slightly relieved by the works of outsiders. Times are hard for artists, we are told, and therefore it is not surprising that they should be little anxious to offer hospitality on their walls to others who may, perhaps, attract the too reluctant and too rare purchaser. For this reason, if for no other, the present exhibition is wanting in any distinctive attractions, although cleverly painted pictures are not altogether absent. Neither of the President's figure studies, "Katherine" (263) or "Autumn" (314) will add to his reputation. No artist possibly knows how to make more use of his colours and his brush, but one wants something besides quality in painting from Sir James Linton. The touch of imaginative genius is absent from both these studies, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the other members of the Institute follow the unfortunate prose-lead given by their chief. The most notable attempt to escape from this course is shown in such different works as Mr. R. Fowler's "Autumn" (212), of which the colouring is delicate and suggestive, and Mr. Hugh Carter's almost Rembrandt-*esque* rendering of a fishmonger's shop surrounded by rugged creatures—*young and old*—entitled "Waiting for the Remnants" (255). In such works as Mr. Henry J. Stock's "Death and the Child" (248), the meaning of the allegory is lost, owing to the robust health of the intended victim; while in Mr. Rheam's "Nimue" (472) the exaggeration of the sorceress's supposed or real character has led the artist over the border-line which separates the dramatic from the grotesque. In pictures dealing with more obviously humorous incidents, such as "The Ball at Dr. Blimber's" (420), by Mr. H. R. Steer, "Christmas Dinner (Old Style)" (377), by Mr. C. Green, or "Miss Pinkerton's Academy" (605), by Mr. C. G. Kilburne, technical cleverness rather than humorous suggestion is aimed at and achieved. Mr. Gordon Brown's "In Strict Confidence" (306) is in a far better strain; and if Mr. Frank Dadd's "Claret and Small Beer" (345) did not recall so many other ale-house interiors, it would also deserve a higher place than most of the costume subjects in the exhibition.

In the way of landscapes there is more to admire and less to cavil at, but as a rule there is little poetic treatment even of the most attractive spots. Both Mr. Bernard Evans's panoramas of Wharfedale are conspicuous rather for their size than their merit. Mr. Fred G. Cotman, always an interesting and painstaking painter, seems to have thrown away his chances upon his "Steaming into Lincoln" (217), for the steam is as solid as the locomotive which discharges it. Mr. Wimpey's "Surrey Commons," Mr. H. G. Hine's "Sussex Downs," Mr. Orrock's breezy moorlands, and Mr. Joseph Knight's brown Welsh hills are all *facture* rather than *peinture*. Here and there we get a glimpse of something more distinctly individual, as in Mr. Edwin Bale's "Towers of Asolo" (459), a picture as interesting from its grasp of the fine sunlit landscape over the plains of Lombardy as for its literary associations with Browning. Mr. Arthur Severn, too, is always attractive, for however much he falls short in execution, one feels that he honestly studies nature, and that as a painter of clouds he has drawn knowledge, if not inspiration, from the best source. Mr. Hope McLachlan also shows a considerable appreciation of beauty, but generally shrouded in the darkest tones. One therefore welcomes with pleasure the gleam of blue sky and brighter clouds which float over his "Marshlands" (59). Mr. Garden Smith at Seville and Count Seckendorff at Venice have studied with good results the effects of sunlight and shadow on the architectural features of those two cities, and Mr. Straton Ferrier's "Dordrecht" (70), Mr. Biscoombe Gardner's studies at Criccieth (125 and 145), and Mr. Harry Goodwin's glimpse of lake and mountain from the Axenstrasse (682) are marked by excellent work and careful observation. Among the other and larger works, Mr. R. P. Nisbet's "Autumn on the River Tay" (657) and other reminiscences of the same river, Mr. A. Wilde Parsons's "Nunsey Castle" (662), Mr. A. F. Grace's "Druids' Grove" (687), Mr. Harry Hine's inspiring treatment of York Minster (612), Mr. Alfred East's "Early Night" (609), Mr. E. Haynes's "Yarmouth Harbour" (168), and Mr. James Orrock's exceeding clever "Mangold Field" (175) are more than usually creditable productions from well-known workers; while among the less known, Mr. George Cockram's "Pebbled Shore" (604), Miss Heitland's "Through the Woods" (302), and Miss Sadler's "Shirley Poppies" (645) well deserve the attention they are sure to attract.

It is surprising that the provincial art museums of this country, if their managers have really in view the art education of their fellow-citizens, should have neglected an inexpensive but effectual way of awakening an interest in sculpture. Everyone knows that before a statue or bust is finally set up or sent home the sculptor has to make one or more casts, which possess all the qualities of the bronze or marble work. These casts, moreover, can be repeated without detriment, while some are those originally exhibited for public criticism. Sculptors would at all times be ready and willing to dispose of such works at a very moderate price, and German art directors have already shown their appreciation of this way of enriching local museums. Reproductions of the late Sir Edgar Boehm's works are to be found at Dresden and Hanover, and quite recently the Munich Museum has purchased of Mr. Onslow Ford a cast of his "Shelley," certainly not on account of its literary associations, but because it is a noteworthy specimen of contemporary art and of the utmost value to students in sculpture and drawing.

Whilst the operation of blasting ice around the sealing-*steamer* Walrus was proceeding at Greenspond, Newfoundland, a quantity of dynamite exploded close to the vessel. Two men were killed, and the vessel was wrecked.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G B C (Downside).—It shall be examined, and, if acceptable, we will give you further notice.

A G S (Gloucester).—Thanks for letter and enclosure. Of course our remarks were only prompted by a spirit of courtesy for a contemporary.

J WESLEY (Exeter).—We have made a careful note of your instructions, and regret your name has been wrongfully used.

W OXLEY (Southampton).—The first move of your problem is correct, but the solution is seriously marred by duals. For instance, if Black play 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. Q to Q 6th or 7th (ch), &c.

B FISON (Enfield).—Problem commends itself, and shall be published.

MARTIN F. SORRENTO, AND OTHERS.—Your approval of No. 2004 is well deserved.

A CROSS (Crick).—You must study construction first. Get "The Two-Move Problem," by G. B. LAWS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2001 received from Simai Gyula (Kolozsvár), Charles Field, junior (Athol, Mass.), and E W Brook; of No. 2002 from E W Brook; of No. 2003 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), George McLay (Glasgow), W Righy, E W Brook, W Wadham (Swindon), James McClare (Leeds), Hugh D Hind (York), and E W Sinnett.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2004 received from T Roberts, J Coad, E Loudon, Sorrento, L Keen (Wolverhampton), T G (Ware), R Scott (Brighton), C E Perugini, Martin F, James McClare, G Joyce, C D (Camberwell), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), M Burke, R T, J D Tucker (Leeds), It Wortex (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Dixon, W R Raillem, W P Hind, F Glanville, J S Wesley (Exeter), and A J Haggood (Haslar).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2003.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

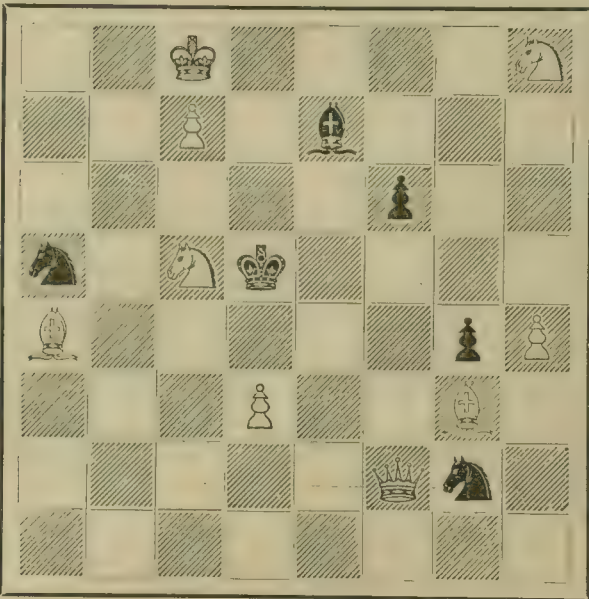
WHITE.
1. P to Q 4th
2. Kt to B 6th (ch)
3. B or R mates.

BLACK.
K takes P
K moves

PROBLEM No. 2006.

By CHEVALIER L. DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between MESSRS. SHOWALTER and HODGES.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	12.	B takes Q Kt
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13.	B takes Q
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	14.	B takes B
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15.	K R to Q sq
5. Kt takes P	P to Q 2nd	16.	B to B 3rd
6. B to K 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd	17.	P to Q 4th
7. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		B takes Kt, to try and break up the
8. Castles	P to B 3rd		opposing centre Pawns and get his own
9. P to K B 4th	P to K R 4th		Kt into play, suggests itself as safer.
10. P to K R 3rd	Q to R 4th	17.	P to Kt 3rd
		18.	Kt to Kt 3rd
		19.	P to B 3rd
		20.	Q R to K sq
			K to B 2nd
			In this, as in all the concluding moves,
			Black shows the judgment of the master.
			The advance of his strong centre Pawns is
			carefully prepared for, and made at the
			right moment, speedily proves irresistible.
		21.	P to B 4th
		22.	P takes P
		23.	R to Q 3rd
		24.	R (Q 3rd) to K 3
		25.	R to Q B sq
		26.	P to B 2nd
		27.	Kt to B sq
		28.	B takes B
		29.	K to B 2nd

GAME BETWEEN MR. STAUNTON AND VON DER LASA.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H. S.)	BLACK (Von der Lasa.)	WHITE (Mr. H. S.)	BLACK (Von der Lasa.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		get an open Rook's file, and Black could
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		not then have continued as in the text
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		because of his Kt being en prise.
4. Q to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd	11.	K to R 2nd
		15.	P takes B
		16.	Q to B 3rd
			The difference is obvious now. He must
			utilise the Queen to do the service which
			the K R would have done otherwise.
		16.	Kt takes Kt P
		17.	R to Kt 2nd
		18.	Q to Q 2nd
		19.	Q to K 2nd
		20.	Kt to Q 2nd
		21.	Kt takes Kt
		22.	Kt to B 3rd
		23.	B to Q sq
			The least unfavourable continuation for
			White would have been Q to B 2nd.
		23.	R takes Kt
			A sound sacrifice and neat conclusion.
		24.	P takes R
		25.	K takes Kt
		26.	R to K Kt sq
		27.	K to Kt 2nd

The *Chess Monthly* for March contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Von Heydebrand der Lasa, the great Prussian master. As a player he stood in his day in the very front rank; while as an analyst the German "Handbook" is the monument of his genius. His chess library is one of the finest in the world, and he is honorary member of almost every chess club of repute. Among his most famous feats was his victory over Mr. Staunton when the English champion was in his prime. The match was played in 1858 at Brussels, the final score being Von der Lasa, 5; Mr. Staunton, 4. As a reminiscence of this contest we give above one of the games, taken, with notes, from the *Chess Monthly*.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Princess Christian's support of a School of Applied Design for Women ensures the success of the idea. The originator of the scheme comes from America, where, indeed, women are already well established in this class of work. I was much struck at the World's Fair by the evidences of the advance of American women beyond our own in this direction. In the Illinois State building, for instance, there was a "ladies' parlour," a charming room, everything in which had been designed by women, and, what is more, by the women of that one State. A large proportion of the articles had also been manufactured or produced by women, but the designs were, without exception, from feminine hands. The walls were panelled in a silk brocade, headed by a frieze hand-painted on the wall. The carpets and rugs were specially woven. There were cabinets hand-carven, and others inlaid, all by or after the designs of Illinois girls, and containing china painted and books written by others of their sex and State. There were pictures by women artists not quite unknown to fame, and a life-size statue by a young lady whose work has won Parisian recognition. It was most creditable to them all round, though it was less significant than the fact that the great statue in the central hall of the same building, a bountiful female form on heroic scale, representing "Illinois welcoming the Nations" (for Chicago is in that State), was a commission given by the men of the official committee to a woman; or that Mrs. Douglas was selected by another male committee as the architect of the Arkansas State Building. Still, the concentration in the one apartment of so much and such various work in applied design so well done by women was instructive and encouraging, and shows that the effort undertaken by our Princess has already been proved to be a practical one. Indeed, there are already some few English women working in this way. The wall-papers designed by Miss Louisa Aumonier are famous to decorators, and in china-painting works there are some female designers. Still, the new school is the first attempt to make a regular training place in designing for women.

It is a blessed coincidence that one and all of our good Queen's daughters are good women too; like herself, admirable in private life, and at the same time showing both judgment and eagerness in leading in public interests. Princess Louise was one of the founders of the Girls' Public Day School Company, as was recalled when H.R.H. presented the prizes at the Albert Hall in commemoration of the "coming of age" of the company. Lord Aberdare reminded those present that it was in the rooms of the Princess at Kensington Palace that the preliminary meeting for founding the company was held. This was an act of real courage on the part of the Princess, for at that time the idea of giving girls, as the prospectus of the undertaking put it, "an education as sound and thorough as boys receive in grammar schools of the better class," was an innovation at which many good people shied in alarm. However, the result has proved that there are a fair number of parents of girls who are willing to pay for and encourage the thorough education of their girls, "as though they were boys," and experience has also proved that instead of such systematic and serious teaching turning out a race of little female pedants, it is beneficial to the children, making them brighter, happier, and therefore sweeter, while tending to free them from the bundle of affectations and giggling foolishnesses that were once justly called "missishness." In the *Lady's Pictorial* for March 10 appeared the portraits of twenty-four of the prize-winners, and a more happy and intelligent and simple set of English girl faces could not be wished for; and those of us who are the mothers of high-school girls, or who are otherwise acquainted with the race, know that the girls do profit in every way. It is, further, a source of satisfaction (as showing that the organisation for the higher education of girls has really struck root) that the company pays its shareholders a dividend of five per cent. Some of the towns' schools do not meet their own expenses, but others have more than enough pupils to make up the deficiency.

Lady Frederick Cavendish, who has been appointed a member of the new Royal Commission on secondary education, was also one of the founders of the Girls' Public School Company. It is another token of the serious manner in which the education of girls is now regarded that three ladies should have been appointed on this Royal Commission, a fact unprecedented in the history of such bodies. The other two lady members are Mrs. Sidgwick, the Principal of Newnham, who is a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and therefore a niece of Lord Salisbury; and that clever doctor of science, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, who is the lecturer on her special subject at Miss Buss's school, and an Irish-woman who ardently advocates Home Rule on the platform. The organisation of secondary education is of the first importance to the middle classes, who now have to organise and pay for all the teaching their children receive, and at the same time have to pay the bulk of the heavy rates that educate the workman's children to the point at which those poorer youngsters can compete in the lower intellectual labour-market with the middle-class children.

Day by day new things peep out in the shop windows for spring wear, though, of course, we do not see the actual outburst till Lent is over. Black moiré is the ruling material, and besides making mantles and gowns, is put on cloth, light silks, and velvet articles of apparel as trimmings, indiscriminately. Cloth coats with black moiré sleeves, and velvet mantles with moiré deep cape collars, and crêpon or lightish silks with moiré vests, are so abundant that they will perhaps soon fade away from fashion because of their mere plenty. Of the lighter materials crêpon is to be the most popular spring wear. Some with a silk stripe of a different colour from the ground is very pretty, as a fawn ground and a pink silk cord in it, or a pale brown ground with a delicate blue silk running through it. A more elaborate variation of the same is a blue and green shot crêpon diversified by splashes of green silk thread at intervals. The patterns are all small and neat, neither pronounced as stripes or as checks; shot effects are popular, and the dainty little China silks of our grandmothers' days are to be used for girls' fête gowns. The craze of the moment is for huge neck-bows of ribbon, either moiré or soft surah, always black in colour, but the ends generally edged with white lace.



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CHINESE STORIES.

Chinese Nights' Entertainments. By Adèle M. Fielde. (New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.)—The collection of Chinese stories told by the almond-eyed folk, which Miss Adèle Fielde has brought together, make excellent reading, though they will not bear comparison with the book that is immediately brought to our recollection, which, with its wooden crowd of kings, caliphs, genies, and merchants, entranced our childhood and still delights maturity. The romance, the colour, the ingenious fancy, the boundless imaginativeness, and naked adventure of the "Arabian Nights" are not to be found in these little stories of the Celestial people, about whom there is at times a sober prose and pedestrian realism which force one to the conclusion that the "modern European spirit" has reached and influenced the children of Southern China. This is specially noticeable in the literary and moral criticisms that form part of the plot on which the stories are threaded; the arrangement—similar to that of the "Arabian Nights"—being a thread called "The Romance of the Strayed Arrow," on which forty distinct stories are hung. This "thread," which does duty as a plot, and is drawn (according to the writer's preface) to an "Oriental climax," is very skilfully made the occasion of quaint apropos tales, in which, as well as in the main story, the natives of Swatow show an astonishing amount of ingenuity, acuteness, and philosophy, which latter is often expressed in a very neat and epigrammatic manner. "Matches," says one of the feminine characters, "may be foreordained, but I am a believer in the proverbial injunction, 'Do your utmost, and then await the will of Heaven.'" "Mother wit," says one of the uncles, "does more than does a clear conscience in keeping one out of the clutches of knaves." Proverb-satire and epigrammatic wisdom of this sort on the subject of women—whose intellect does not seem to be greatly esteemed in China—and mothers-in-law, and fools, and matrimony, are plentifully sprinkled throughout these entertaining pages. Some of the stories are quite new; others, such as "The Fairy Serpent," suggest the same origin as the innumerable versions of "Beauty and the Beast." In the Chinese story, the father of three daughters unwittingly invades the garden of an enchanted creature—in this instance a snake—and finds himself compelled to promise one of his daughters in marriage before he is released. It is, as elsewhere, the youngest daughter who shows her filial devotion by immolating herself; and the tale ends in the orthodox way by the serpent becoming eventually transformed into a strong and handsome man. "The Origin of Ants" is an ingenious story well told; but it is to some extent spoiled—as are one or two of these Oriental tales—by the introduction of English names, such as Smith, Brown, Sharp, and Dyer. This—at least to us—immediately destroys the proper atmosphere and illusive-ness; and one feels that either Chinese names should have been given, or fantastic ones, or those having a significance, such as "Golden Bough." A rather horrible but clever anecdote, called "Prospect and Retrospect," relating the story of a marriage between a hunchback and a young

widow, also physically afflicted, is interesting as throwing a curious light on Chinese matrimony. This, it appears, is invariably arranged by a "go-between," who often settles matters without the contracting parties having seen one another. That the "go-between" is recognised as an institution of the country, is clear from a remark made by one of the characters in the main tale. She says: "The go-betweens deceive, and, for the sake of the fee that is to be obtained upon the accomplishment of the marriage, represent the suitor and his family as being very unlike what they really are. I have known one girl to be thus married to a man who was raving crazy; and another who was married to a horrible dwarf; and another who found herself bound for life to an idiot; and still others who have wedded beggars when they thought they were to wed capitalists." How interesting it would be to have some light thrown on the breach of marriage and divorce laws of the Celestial city! Of romance and love-wooing there is scarce a touch throughout, and it would be hard to surpass the practical sound sense of the heroine of "A Wife with Two Husbands." The husband having disappeared, the young wife for some time supports herself and her mother by sewing. "But provisions grew dearer, the mother became helpless, and the wife ill. Then the old woman died, and the younger one had not money wherewith to buy a coffin. She therefore went to a go-between and told him to find for her an honest man who wanted a wife, and who would at once advance a betrothal present sufficient to meet the funeral expenses of her mother-in-law, and who would wait a hundred days for the completion of the obsequies before taking home his bride." There being apparently nothing unusual in the lady's unsentimental proposal, an obliging Chinaman is soon forthcoming, and everything goes on smoothly until the reappearance of the first husband, upon which complications arise. The sagacity of the magistrate and the cunning test which is made of the affection respectively cherished by the different husbands contribute to a successful and original dénouement which we will not spoil by telling. The most quaintly humorous tale in the budget is called "Marrying a Simpleton"; and it relates the fruitless efforts of a shrewd, patient woman to knock a little sense into the head of her foolish spouse. There is more of the Eastern spirit, with its symbols and mysteries, about "The Young Head of the Family" than in any of the other tales which make up this collection. Two young married women, "who are always bothering their father-in-law for leave to visit their friends at home," are ordered by him not to return unless one brings "fire wrapped in paper, and the other wind wrapped with paper." How their despair of executing their task is turned into hope by the wit and cleverness of a young girl, who "came riding along from the fields on a water-buffalo"; and her subsequent adventures, which include the outwitting of a mandarin, can only be alluded to here; and readers are referred to the story, which is told with a simplicity and naïveté that are precisely right and desirable. The illustrations have been "prepared by native artists in the school of the celebrated painter Go-Leng, at Swatow," and add to the attractiveness of the book.

F. H. L.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The report of the committee appointed by the House of Laymen, Canterbury, to consider the impoverishment of the clergy is a very mild document. It discourages any taxation of, or self-denying ordinance by, the bishops and richer clergy, condemns redistribution of clerical incomes, and advocates "careful husbanding of the actual resources of the Church." This does not seem to carry us very far.

A Church paper accounts for the popularity of Professor Drummond's shorter pieces by the theological ground on which he stands. "It may be described as an undenominational position, which, with a welcome want of logic, stops far short of its legitimate conclusion—that undenominational position which logically can hold no truth at all."

The Church papers speak favourably of Lord Rosebery, but have apprehensions as to his choice of bishops. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were both pronounced High Churchmen. Whatever Lord Rosebery is, he is certainly not that; and it will be a surprise if there is not some considerable variation in the method of new appointments.

The Nonconformists are enthusiastic about the new Premier. Lord Rosebery did not disguise his sympathy with the advocates of disestablishment in Scotland when their claims were postponed by Mr. Gladstone; and while there was some division of opinion among the Welshmen, most of them were convinced that the change would be in their favour. Indeed, it has been suggested that in the list of Mr. Gladstone's reasons for retiring was his aversion to undertake the disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

Dr. Ernest H. Jacob, who has just died at Leeds at the early age of forty-four, was an earnest Churchman as well as an accomplished physician. He took the keenest interest in sanitary science, and finally revised a little book on the warming and ventilation of churches, for the S.P.C.K. He was a brother of Canon Jacob.

The Bishop of Norwich, who was appointed by Mr. Gladstone, has written a letter on Church defence. He deprecates the association of the cause with that of any political party. He also thinks it "quite undesirable that the clergy should be expected to take the leading part in Church defence. They are to fight for spiritual rights, but not for temporal advantages or pecuniary endowments. In the event of disendowment, the present rate of clergy would not suffer; and if we are to concern ourselves with our successors, it is certain they would have to be better supported than the clergy of the present day." His experience in America and the colonies has shown him this clearly. The Bishop thinks that the Church is in a far more stable position at present than she has been for many years past.

Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, author of "Olrig Grange" and many other poems, is about to resign his charge. He has been preaching for more than forty years, and will now devote himself mainly to literary labour. Dr. Smith, who is greatly respected, was the pioneer of Liberal thought in his communion, and he ends his career as the Moderator of the Church.


V.

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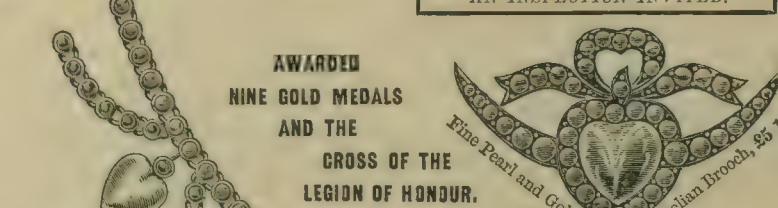
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OBITUARY.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, BART.

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., died at Redhouse Park, Ipswich, on March 11. The late Baronet, who was born March 3, 1829, was eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and brother of Mr. Leslie Stephen, so well known by his literary works. Sir James was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a barrister in 1854 and Q.C. in 1868. He was Recorder of Newark-on-Trent from 1859 to 1869, when he became Legal Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India. In 1879 he was appointed a Justice of the Queen's Bench Division, and in 1891 was created a Baronet on his retirement. Sir James married, in 1855, Mary Richenda, daughter of the Rev. John William Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow-on-the-Hill. His eldest son, the present Baronet, Sir Herbert Stephen, is a barrister-at-law.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General George Williams Knox, C.B., at Bulstrode Street, W., on March 6. The deceased General became a lieutenant in the Scots Guards in 1855, and commanded the 1st Battalion in the Egyptian War of 1882. He married, in 1886, Sybil Emily, daughter of the third Earl of Lonsdale.

Mr. Thomas Hussey, of Bredy, Dorset, at his residence, Highcliffe, Lympstone, Devon, on March 7. He was eldest son of Mr. John Hussey, of Lyme Regis, and was born in 1814. From 1842 to 1847 he represented Lyme Regis in Parliament, and he was at one time Colonel commanding 1st Somerset Militia.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from London and the seaside will, as usual, extend over the Easter holidays.

The availability of the special cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, and the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Sunday or Monday, also the Saturday and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday tickets to the seaside will be extended to Wednesday, March 28.

Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

Commencing Monday, March 19, the day special express service by this route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, leaving London for Paris 9 a.m. every weekday and Sunday, will be accelerated to arrive in Paris 6.35 p.m.; and the similar day special express service leaving Paris for London 9 a.m. every weekday and Sunday morning will leave at 9.30 a.m., and be accelerated to arrive in London the same time as at present, 7 p.m. For the

Easter holidays a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, will be run from London by the accelerated special express day service on Thursday, March 22, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 22 to 27 inclusive.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday, day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and following days.

On Saturday and Sunday, March 24 and 25, special cheap return tickets to Brighton will be issued from London, available to return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

On Easter Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 21, 22, and 24, for the sale of the special cheap tickets, and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 415, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, March 19, to Easter Monday, March 26, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the London and North-Western Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains.

Tickets dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the receiving offices of the company.

The company also announce that they will run excursions to and from London and Wolverhampton, Leamington, Coventry, Walsall, Leicester, Macclesfield, Stoke, Stone, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, North Wales, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Oswestry, Preston, Wigan, Blackpool, Morecambe, Carlisle, the Lake District, Scotland, and other places on the occasion of the Easter holidays.

THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

See Illustration, page 325.

Friday, March 2, was the day in Leicestershire for the Soldiers' Races and the match of six a side between the Quorn and Pytchley Hunts. The field of contest lay in "Belvoir's sweet vale," over a course chosen by Lord Lonsdale, the Master of the Quorn, and was entirely over grass, with fair hunting fences.

Three races were set down for competition. The first was the Army Light-Weight Race. Catch weights over 12 stone, over four miles of fair hunting country; starters to pay £2, in addition to £1 for nomination; any officer being allowed as many nominations as he wished; the race to be ridden in colours; the winner to take two-thirds of the subscriptions, the second to have two-thirds of the balance, and one-third part of it to go to the third horse. Twenty-six horses started out of fifty-five entered. They reached the first fence with Captain Gordon, of the 12th Lancers, on McCrankie, in the van. His brother officer, Mr. V. Sloane-Stanley, on Hendon, was, however, first over the obstacle, and then took up the running, followed by Captain Murray (14th Hussars) and Captain Gordon. Captain Murray's horse falling left Captain Gordon with the lead. This he kept for the rest of the journey, and won easily by about ten lengths. Captain Clowes (8th Hussars), on Princess, was second; Captain Kincaid-Smith (4th Hussars), on Play-away, was third; and Captain A. W. Cotton was fourth.

The second event was the Army Welter Point-to-Point Race. Catch weights over 13 st. 7 lb., over the same course and under the same conditions. There were thirty-six entries; sixteen came to the post, and the contest was alternately between Captain R. Hoare (4th Hussars), Lord Shaftesbury (10th Hussars); Lord Lovat (1st Life Guards), Lord William Bentinck (10th Hussars), Mr. E. Rose (Royal Horse Guards), and Mr. H. Heywood Lonsdale (Grenadier Guards). Four fields from home Lord Shaftesbury was leading, when upon his left stole a big raking bay; that was Sea King, ridden by Captain Hoare, who went easily over the frowning blackthorn hedge and ditch beyond it, and galloped up the slope, winning by a length and a half.

The third race was the match between the Quorn Hunt and the Pytchley Hunt, six on each side. The former, wearing scarlet coats, were Mr. H. T. Barclay, Captain de Winton, Count Zborowski, Mr. Hugh Owen, Mr. R. B. Muir, and Mr. Foxhall Keene. The members of the Pytchley Hunt, in black coats, were Lord Southampton, Mr. H. C. Bentley, Captain Renton (17th Lancers), Mr. C. Beatty, Mr. C. Adamthwaite, and Mr. Jameson.

The Pytchley side made a good show at first, for Captain Renton assumed the lead at once. In the following order the Quorn men finished: Mr. H. T. Barclay first; Captain de Winton second; Mr. H. B. Muir third. Then came the Black Coats, for Mr. Bentley was fourth, Lord Southampton fifth, Captain Renton sixth, Mr. Beatty seventh, and Mr. Jameson eighth. This ended the meeting, which was a great success, owing much to Lord Lonsdale's good organisation.

'THE PRESENT MOMENT IS A POWERFUL DEITY.'

GOETHE.

Shakespeare in a very critical period of English History wrote thus: "NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE, IF ENGLAND TO HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."

What enables us to form a correct estimate of the **PRESENT, PAST, and FUTURE?**—**EXPERIENCE.** Without it you are **RUDDERLESS.**

WHAT COMMANDS THE ADMIRATION AND HOMAGE OF MANKIND?—**CHARACTER AND STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.**

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN INCIDENT IN HIS FIRST CANVASS.

"TELL 'IM TO CHALK HIS NAME ON THE COUNTER, AND YOUR FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER."

"If I were asked to account in a sentence for his great popularity, I should say it was his great urbanity, his fidelity to true Liberalism, his love of independence, and his unimpeachable character. During his first canvass (about 60 years ago), Mr. Villiers and two friends entered a small shop at Willenhall that had been left in charge of a young girl. On learning their business the damsel shouted upstairs, 'Mother, here's a gentleman as is come for father's vote for Member of Parliament.' To this a voice from above made answer, 'Tell 'im to chalk his name on the counter, and your FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER.' 'Thank you, Ma'am,' shouted the candidate; after which, turning to his companions, he said, 'Book that for me, I am as certain of it as if it were already given.'"*—Newcastle Chronicle.*

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"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—26th May, 1883.

Mr. J. C. ENO."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

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Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c. It prevents Diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. John Knowles, of Westwood, Pendlebury, J.P., D.L., has been proved at the district registry, Manchester, by the executors, Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Knowles, his sons, and Mr. Alfred Pilkington, his son-in-law, the value of the net personalty amounting to £531,604 5s. 5d. After some small legacies, the testator devises Westwood and its contents and his estates Light Oaks, The Duchy, Somerville, and other properties in Pendleton, and his property in Bloom Street, Manchester, to Mr. Lees Knowles. He devises his Dumbell estate, the Newtown Cotton Mill at Pendlebury, his Pendlebury Mills estate, and property in Piccadilly, Manchester, to Mr. Arthur Knowles. He then settles certain sums for the benefit of his two daughters (for whom he had already made some provision by settlement), and after directing a sum to be held in trust for his son Edgar, he leaves the residue between Mr. Lees Knowles and Mr. Arthur Knowles equally.

The will (dated June 12, 1889), with a codicil (dated Feb. 26, 1890), of Mr. Frederick Tooth, of Park Farm, Sevenoaks, Kent, and 4, Orme Square, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 20, was proved on March 1 by David Reed, William Henley Dodgson, and Robert Lucas Tooth, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £347,000. The testator bequeaths to charities in New South Wales as follows—namely, £500 to the Infirmary and Dispensary at Sydney; £250 each to the Church Society at Sydney, the Hospital for Sick Children, and the New South Wales Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind; £200 to the Destitute Children's Asylum, and £100 each to the Industrial Blind Asylum, the Female Refuge, and the Female School of Industry; and to English charities as follows—namely, £100 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Holmesdale Cottage Hospital; and £50 each to the Infant Schools of St. Nicholas, Sevenoaks, the National Schools of St. John's,

Sevenoaks, and the Hip Hospital at Sevenoaks. He leaves all the consumable stores at his residence, Park Farm, and £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Tooth; his said residence with certain land for her use so long as any infant sons or unmarried daughters shall reside with her, providing she shall so long remain unmarried, and then for the use of his daughters while unmarried; £2000 per annum to his wife while she resides at Park Farm, and £1250 per annum afterwards while she remains unmarried; an annuity of £500, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Tooth for life, and at her death one of £250 to Dr. Alfred Jackson and his wife, Mrs. Ellen Jackson, and the survivor of them; such sum as, with what he has given to or settled upon them respectively, will make up £25,000 each to his children except Mary; £10,000, upon trust, for Mrs. Elizabeth Tooth, the wife of his brother Robert, for life, and then for the children of the said Robert and Elizabeth Tooth; and many legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided equally between all his children except Mary.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1893) of Mrs. Sarah Charlotte Bentley, of 2, Leamington Villas, Poplar Walk, Croydon, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on Feb. 28 by George Bentley, Richard Bentley, and Charles Robert Rivington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 each to the Croydon General Hospital and the Friend of the Clergy Corporation; and considerable legacies to her late husband's relatives and others. As to all her railway stocks and shares and the residue of her money in the public stocks and bank stock, she leaves one sixth each to George Bentley, Frederick Bentley, Ann Keziah Bentley, John Bentley, and Samuel Bentley; and one sixth, upon trust, for the widow and children of Horatio Bentley. All her real estate (if any) and the residue of her personal estate she gives to the said George Bentley.

The will (dated July 20, 1893) of Mrs. Grace Isabella

Bosanquet, of 15, Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, who died on Oct. 10, has been proved by Walter Henry Bosanquet, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her diamonds, jewels, trinkets, watches, miniatures, portraits, paintings, and engravings to her friend, Alice Lindsay Countess of Norbury, for life, and then to the person who shall be Earl of Norbury; £1000 to the Archbishop of Dublin for the time being, to be applied or distributed by him at his uncontrolled discretion for charitable purposes; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the children of her brother, William Raymond Browne.

The will (dated March 28, 1893) of Mrs. Catherine Gilbey, of 51, Portland Place, and The Cottage, Stansted, Essex, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 14 by Jean Claude François Henri Rivière, the Hon. Richard Eustace Bellew, and James Ernest Clarke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to her executors, £50 to Mary Searle if in her service at her death; and her jewellery to her daughter Laura Southard Rivière. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she gives one moiety to her daughter Mrs. Rivière, and the other moiety she leaves, upon trust, for her son-in-law, the Hon. Richard Eustace Bellew, during his widowhood, and on his death or marriage again, for his issue, whether children or remoter issue, as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1893), with a codicil (dated Nov. 7 following), of Miss Mary Ann Josephine Harriet Lombard de Luc, of The Limes, Honor Oak Road, Forest Hill, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Feb. 23 by John Oldfield, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testatrix, after giving a few legacies, leaves the residue of her estate to be divided equally between St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park Corner), the London Hospital (Mile End Road), the Home

DEATH.

In Memoriam.—In loving memory of Christian Mary Goldieutt, nee Douglas, who died at Fairseat, Kent, on March 13, 1892, in her 88th year. Deeply mourned.

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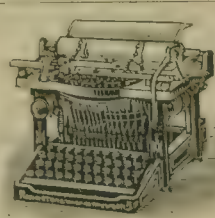
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The will (dated July 20, 1892) of Mr. Alexander Browne, J.P., D.L., of Doxford Hall, Northumberland, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on Feb. 26 by Alexander Henry Browne and Captain Charles Edmund Browne, the sons, Charles Alexander Browne, the nephew, and Charles Dorman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths some family and other pictures to his son Alexander Henry; certain plate to his son Charles Edmund; the remainder of his plate and plated articles to his daughters, Mary Ann and Amy Emma; £4000 each to his said daughters, and a further £500 each if unmarried at his death; £5000, upon trust, for his son Edward Thomas; £100 to his nephew, Charles Alexander Browne; and legacies to butler, groom, and odd man. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Charles Edmund.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1891), with a codicil (dated Jan. 3, 1894), of Miss Frances Charlotte Hilaire Coulthard, of Binstead Hill, Bentworth, Hants, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on Feb. 27 by Major Robert Woolcombe, R.M.A., the Rev. Walter Allan Raikes, and Richard Pennington, the executors, the value of the personal estate

amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to be laid out in the purchase of blankets and warm clothing to be distributed, at the discretion of her executors, at the Christmas next after her death, among the poor of the parish of Bentworth; and considerable legacies to her brother, nieces, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her brother James Batten Coulthard, for life, and then as to one third each, upon further trust, for her nieces Emma Frances Yonge, Louisa Halliday, and Mary Woolcombe.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1887) of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cordelia Landers, of 7, Bryanston Street, Portman Square, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 19 by Alfred Udney Dudgeon Passmore and Thomas Smith, F.R.C.S., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix, after directing her executors to have her body subjected to the process of cremation, bequeaths £1000 each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and the Middlesex Hospital; £500 each to King's College Hospital, the Westminster Hospital (Broad Sanctuary), the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Paddington Green Children's Hospital, the North London or University College Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), and the Hospital for Sick

Children (Great Ormond Street); £300 each to the Gordon Boys' Home, the Grotto Home for Destitute Lads, the London and Brighton Female Convalescent Home, and the Cremation Society; her house in Bryanston Street to the London Hospital; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of her estate, real and personal, she gives to St. George's Hospital.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1882), with three codicils (dated June 29, 1882, and March 13 and Sept. 2, 1885), of Dame Charlotte Isabella Balfour, the wife of General Sir George Balfour, G.C.B., and daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., of 6, Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on March 1 by George John Braikenridge, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix gives many legacies, pecuniary and specific. As to the residue of the trust funds under her marriage settlement, she leaves one fourth, upon trust, for her nephew Errington Burnley Hume; and one fourth each to her nephew and nieces, Arthur Errington Hume, Edith Hume Greenhow, and Maria Jane Burnley Scott. The residue of her property, real and personal, she gives to her nephew, the said Errington Burnley Hume.

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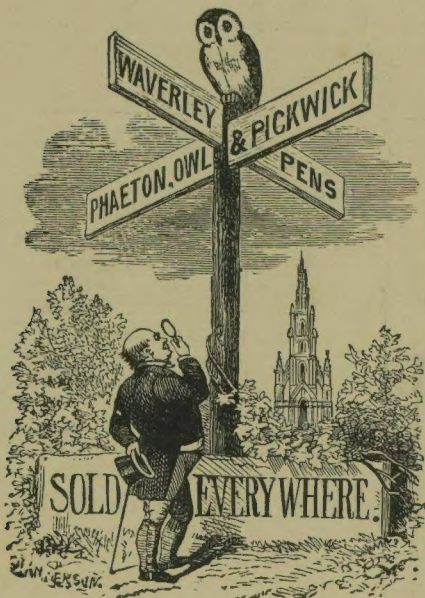
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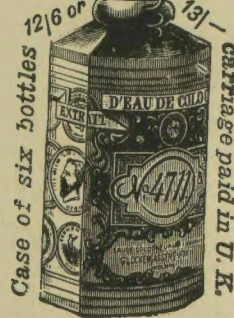
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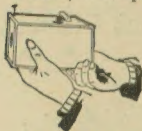
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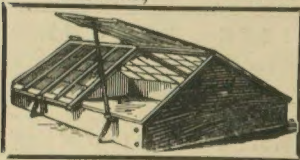
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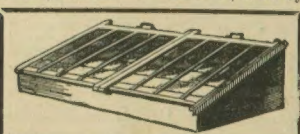
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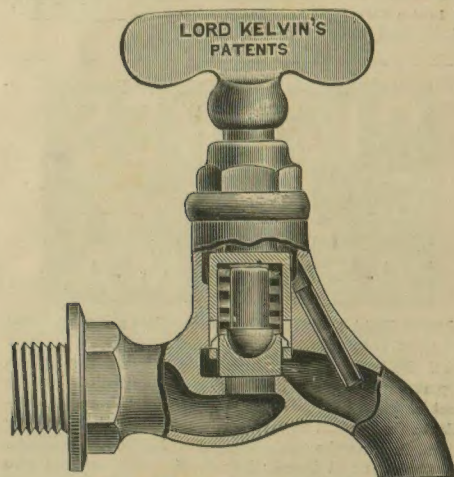
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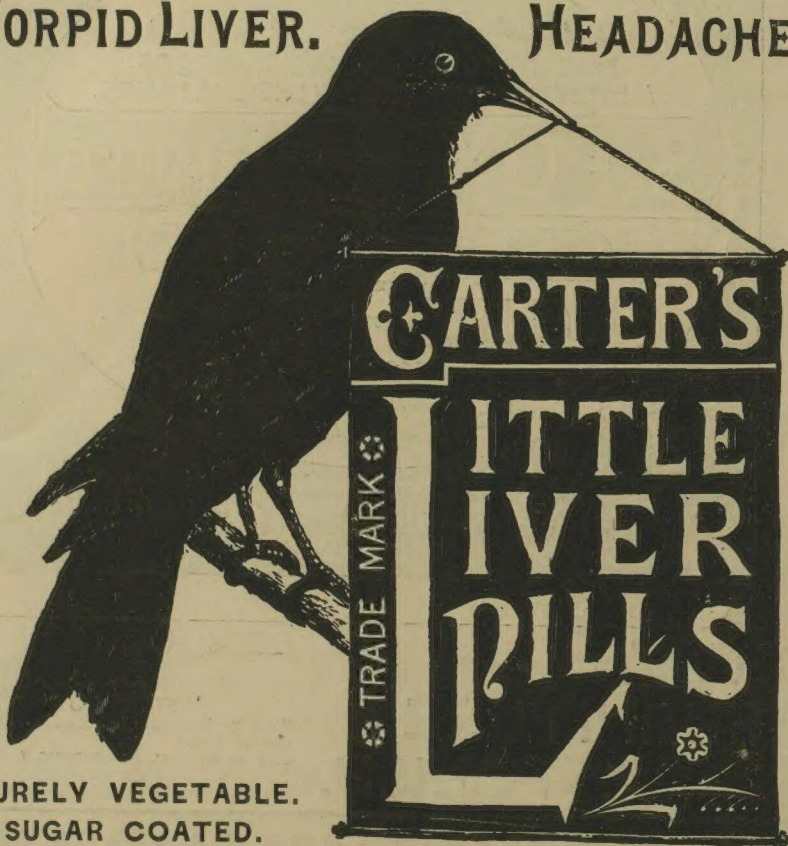
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